Children's Newspaper

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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A LITTLE HOUSE OF THE 20TH CENTURY

See Page Three

WHY DOES THE BEETLE STOP?

MYSTERY OF OLD WESTMINSTER ROOF

Insect Which Seems to Know How Far to Go

NATURE'S THUS FAR AND NO FARTHER

In a talk about the restored roof of Westminster Hall, at the Royal Society of Arts, distinguished men complained that steel has been used to replace the noble oak the death-watch beetle destroyed.

The matter is one for sad consideration, but that great entomologist Professor Maxwell-Lefroy was more practically interesting in his allusion to the hateful beetle itself.

With all his knowledge of the subject he cannot but marvel that this villainous little beetle, hourly gorging itself on our grand old timbers, attacked and attacked up to a certain point, then ceased and turned to more solid portions of the timber to continue up to danger-point there, and again cease.

This thought directs the mind to many mysterious examples of a kind of foreknowledge in Nature.

Tunnelling Out of Sight

The appalling white ants, which eat anything wooden, from a telegraph pole to a man's artificial limb, instinctively pause at a point short of the collapse of the object on which they are dining.

They tunnel inside, not outside; they leave the external framework intact, like the external skeletons of insects themselves. The wreck collapses when we put pressure upon it, but never while the termites are in possession.

Nature's "Halt!" comes to a beaver when it has nearly gnawed through a great tree. It goes to the other side of the trunk at the moment the tree is about to fall, and so is never trapped.

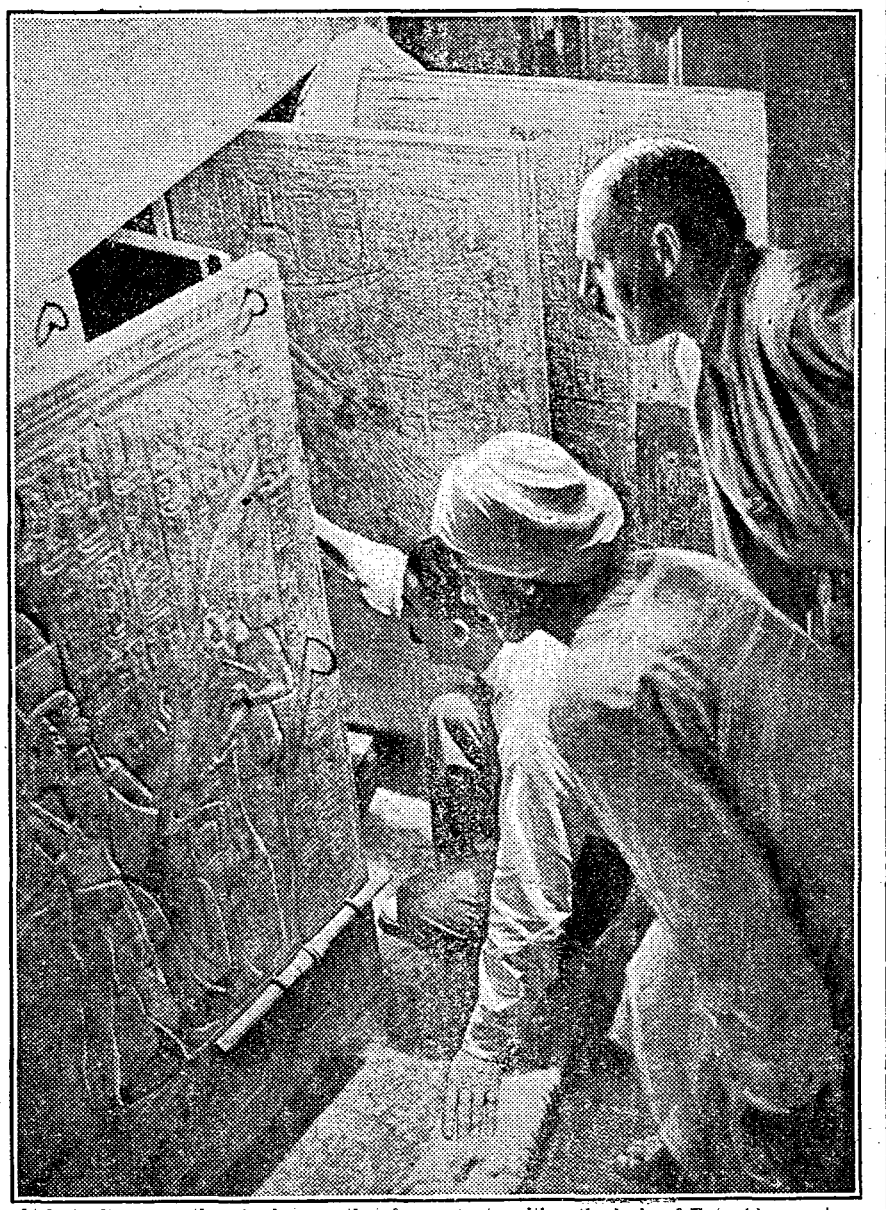
Rats leave a ship as soon as water appears in quantities in the hold. Gulls and their kin come inland from the wild seas before the storms arrive in advance of which they flee. Lemmings march before famine kills them in their colonies. Elephants know before they attempt to cross whether they may trust a bridge.

Wisest Minds Confounded

Birds know when it is safe for them to leave the sunny tropics to trust themselves in a totally different climate in England. The squirrels know when they must harvest and store nuts.

The beetles in Westminster Hall did a wonderful thing in stopping just short of the crash of their home, but their extraordinary instinctive wisdom is part of a great whole which confounds the wisest of human minds. Is there, we wonder, a hint of the solution in those immortal words of Jesus: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

Opening the Doors of Pharaoh's Shrine



At last, after more than twelve months of expectant waiting, the body of Tutankhamen has been found inside his tomb. It was an exciting moment when the doors of the innermost shrine were opened, as shown here, revealing the sarcophagus, but only after the great lid, weighing more than a ton, was raised was the wonderful mummy case seen. **See page 7**

The Times world copyright photograph by Mr. Harry Burton

A BOY'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

CANADA has added another name to its list of heroes. The name is that of Lionel Rosetine; his age is ten; and he lives near Montreal.

Lionel's father and mother had gone to a party at a house nearly a quarter of a mile away, leaving him and his baby sister alone with the cat and dog.

Near midnight there was an explosion in the wooden house, and the whole place burst into flames. What could a little chap do in such a fix?

What Lionel did was to pick up his little sister first, and carry her outside through the smoke and fire. Then he thought of the cat and the dog, and fetched them from the top floor.

It was bitterly cold; snow lay everywhere; and the boy was only clad in an overcoat, with slippers on his feet.

Presently a knocking was heard at the door of the house where the party was proceeding, and Lionel appeared in his overcoat and slippers, and called attention to a sleigh outside, with a baby and a cat in it, accompanied by a dog.

He had brought the news that the house was gone; but he had also brought, on the sleigh he had dragged, all the living things that had been in the house when the fire broke out.

That is the kind of stuff Canadian boys are made of—God bless them.

THE CURSE OF THE WORLD

Five years after the fighting stopped eleven girls and a man have been killed by the war. They were unfilling cartridges in a factory at Erith when an explosion trapped them in a roaring furnace, victims of the war as truly as if they had died on Vimy Ridge. 'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true, that we shall never know the end of this curse of the world.

TWO MEN ON A MAST

THRILLING TALE OF THE GOODWINS

Buffeted and Beaten and Frozen for Sixty Hours

THE OPTIMIST OF THE SEA

It was a thrilling story that came from the Goodwins the other day, telling of amazing endurance in face of danger.

The sailing ship Lord Hamilton went ashore on the treacherous sands during a wild storm, and soon became a total wreck. One of her crew of four was washed overboard and the other three climbed up the mast as the hull was entirely under water. There, lashed by the icy winds and drenched by the furious waves, they remained waiting for the help that did not come, until at last another young sailor fell into the sea and was drowned.

The Lifeboat that Came and Went

It was at midnight on a Tuesday that the ship went ashore and on Wednesday afternoon the Ramsgate lifeboat put out for the wreck, which had now been seen.

The lifeboat cast anchor within twenty feet of the wreck, but the lifeboatmen could see no survivors on the mast; and the two men clinging to it, though they saw the lifeboat, were too weak to make their presence known.

"The seas were like great walls; the wind was so violent it seemed to go right through us; it made the mast tremble and rock alarmingly," says Captain Farmes, the master of the wrecked ship. Judge of the dismay of the men when they saw the lifeboat go back to shore. *It had not seen them!*

During the night several steamers passed the wreck, but did not see it.

The Optimist

"Next day," says Captain Farmes, "the wind was blowing as hard as ever, but we never gave up. We cheered each other as best we could, joking one to the other; and on Thursday morning, just after daylight, I said to my mate, 'Well, old man, what are we going to have for breakfast this morning?' We had had neither water nor food since Tuesday night. We whiled away the time by singing little ditties."

They managed to burn flares, but these were not seen from shore, and towards midnight on Thursday the captain's mate began to despair. "I told him to cheer up," says the captain, "as the sea was certainly smoother."

Fortunately the lifeboat had lost its cable and anchor on the first journey out, and on Friday some of the lifeboatmen went out in a motor launch to search for them. It was then that they saw the men on the mast. They had been there, buffeted by wind and sea and frozen by the cold, for over sixty hours.

When the captain was taken on the launch, he was still cheery and muttered through his half-frozen lips "I'm afraid we are giving you a lot of trouble."

A WISE MAN NODS

MOSES AND THE TOOTH-BRUSH

Why They Did not Need it Long Ago

KEEP YOUR MOUTH AND YOUR MIND CLEAN

The world has suffered much injury from hands which, while unwilling to strike, have wounded it. Some of the noblest of its sons have stood like impassable rocks in the path of progress. Aristotle, Pliny, Newton, Owen, have in turn made mistakes, and have based false laws on crude errors. Their unquestioning followers have denounced and savagely persecuted men, who, wiser than themselves, have seen the truth in spite of the mass of august opinion against them.

So that when that genial veteran of hygienic science Sir James Cantlie, cites Moses against the use of the toothbrush we need not be terrified nor need we abandon our toothbrushes.

Moses did not mention toothbrushes or dentists, says Sir James. Well, Moses was the greatest officer of health in all our ancient story, but a schoolboy knows many things that Moses never knew. We fear our wise man has been nodding. He had the wisdom of his age; we have that of ours.

The fact is, of course, that diet has altered since the days when Moses coded his splendid health laws. Jews and Egyptians ate hard fibrous foods to a far greater extent than we do; they had not our excessive proportion of soft, sweet foodstuffs. Their teeth were automatically cleansed by the things they ate.

How to End a Meal

What the modern scientific dentist says is that we should end each meal with a crust, nuts, apples, or other fruit. They naturally cleanse the teeth, but a thoroughly sterilised brush is still desirable to remove the fermenting film which gathers about the crevices and indentations.

If the world's health were governed solely by the laws of Moses today, no microbe-borne disease would be allayed. We could not cure consumption, leprosy, smallpox, plague, or any horrors arising from the action of bacteria in the tropics.

To cast ridicule on the use of the toothbrush and not to indicate that rigid safeguards must be employed to atone even for its diminished service, is simply to encourage the indifference and neglect of the mouths of helpless children which doctors and dentists all over the world are striving to combat.

The mouth, as the gateway to the body, must be kept as clean as the face and the mind.

HONOLULU NOT LONELY

Cross-roads of the Pacific

We must be careful. The Hawaii Tourist Bureau has its eye on the C.N.

Writing of the world listening in for wireless messages we said that parts of such messages had been heard in "a hut in lonely Honolulu."

The Tourist Bureau admits that the hut was lonely, but denies that Honolulu is. It is true that it is more than 2000 miles from anywhere except open sea, but it firmly denies that it is lonely. How can it be lonely, it asks, when it is "the cross-roads of the Pacific," with hundreds of ships arriving, some from every point of the compass?

We are glad Honolulu does not feel lonely, in spite of the long distance to its next-door neighbour; and we admire the energy of the bureau in presenting its charms to tourists who are glad to be 2000 miles away from everybody.

Our greeting to them all!

DR. MAGNET AT SCHOOL

A LESSON IN FIRST AID

The Clever Schoolmaster Who Knew What to Do

MAGNETS, PINS, AND ENGINES

A neat example of first aid comes from Lord's Gate School, at Ormskirk, in Lancashire.

One of the pupils, while at lessons, allowed a pin to become wedged in her throat. This was a terrifying experience, and the poor child had no idea what to do. But the schoolmaster, Mr. A. J. Studdart, was splendidly wise and ready. Taking a magnet, he placed the ends of it as far as possible down the girl's throat, and drew out the pin.

That is an example which we should all do well to bear in mind. Not that we are likely to go through life swallowing pins, but because the magnet is a sovereign aid in many cases where metal penetrates the human body.

Metal workers often find sharp fragments driven into the eyeball, and in such cases the best friend is a good magnet, which, placed near the eye, draws out the offending morsel and so saves the sight.

The Magnet at Work

By means of an electric magnet—that is, one which becomes magnetic when a current of electricity is passed through it—a doctor has been able to trace a deeply buried piece of metal in a man's body. The magnet caused the intruding substance to stir, and so reveal its whereabouts, and then, the attraction continuing, made a prominence appear upon the surface of the flesh. It was then but a few moments' work to render the flesh insensitive to pain, make a slight incision, and draw forth the buried material.

It is wonderful that methods so refined as these can be applied to tiny operations which have great importance to life, yet the same principle renders an electric magnet so powerful that it will lift a railway engine. The same force which extracts an almost invisible chip of steel from a human body snatches up a locomotive and casts it on the scrap-heap, or, diving into water, detects and brings up steel girders.

GOOD-BYE, WORLD!

A Man's Descent into Darkness

REALITY AND POSSIBILITY OF THE AMAZON VALLEY

Someone has just said good-bye to the world. He is a missionary, and he is going to bury himself alive in the Amazon Valley.

Cities will not see him again for years, if ever. No white man will shake him by the hand. Motor-cars, flying machines, and wireless sets will not be more unreal to him than perambulators, pavements, shop windows, and brick houses.

It sounds dreadful enough, but worse is to follow. This brave man, Mr. F. A. Jefferd, who is a British subject, and has lived for over 30 years in South America, is going to bury himself among native peoples who are, among other things, cannibals. He does not care. He believes he can give them the idea of Jesus and the idea of God.

He is not sad. On the contrary, he is enthusiastic. Anything is possible, he says, in a country like the Amazon Valley, with its 400,000 miles of waterways, and soil sufficient to support 600 million human beings. What a story will be told about him some day if he opens this vast realm of darkness and savagery to civilisation.

But for the present he is passing into dark and dreadful forests, where human beings lower than animals practise horrible religious rites, and celebrate their feasts by cannibalism. God go with him!

THE VISION SPLENDID

IS MATTER TO DEFY THE MIND OF MAN?

The Explorers of the Atom and the Future of it

RADIUM AS THE DYING SAMSON

We have been dreaming for years past that some day, in a quiet laboratory, a modest scientist would at last split the atom asunder, grasp the enormous power within it, harness that power and discipline it to human service, saving much toil and trial.

A little while ago Sir William Rutherford, who has given half a lifetime to the study, warned us that our fond dream might not come true; that the energy imagined did not exist in obtainable form. That statement is now supported by a profoundly interesting address by Sir J. J. Thomson.

He, too, doubts. At the outset he predicted that discoveries yet more wonderful than those achieved have still to come, and said that nothing is impossible; but as to the supposed reservoir of energy in the atom his experiments have dismissed old hopes.

He has grown sceptical, he says, as to the possibility of releasing this atomic energy, for the radio-active elements, on whose conduct we have based all knowledge and expectation, are elements which yield up energy as a sort of death-bed bequest. The other elements, he thinks, have already arrived at the death-bed stage, and the radio-active elements exhibit their known properties only because they have more energy than they should.

Radium Plays a Part

That is disappointing, but it is a fascinating thought that radium, in its expiring phases, plays in the universe the part which Samson played in the temple. In its slowly expiring activity it can destroy life and limb as Samson destroyed the temple with himself.

But we need not despair of receiving power from the atom; we can only say we do not know. Our present day physicists are not the first discoverers to doubt whether the dazzling predictions of the dreamers will come true. Heinrich Hertz emphatically declared that electric waves could never be used for telegraphy, and every wireless set in the kingdom is mocking him.

Perhaps history may yet falsify the sad prophecies of even such luminous intellects as those of Dr. Rutherford and Dr. Thomson, and yet record man's mastery of the hidden power for which all thinkers seek. Who knows?

A POSTCARD FROM EVEREST

How to Get One

Anyone who would like a stamp posted from the top of Mount Everest—or from the highest point reached by the expedition—may have one.

All that need be done is to send a postcard addressed to yourself sealed in an envelope containing two penny stamps. The envelope should be marked Everest Stamp, and addressed to Captain Noel at Empire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

These postcards will be sent out to the climbing party, and will catch them up long before they reach the top. They will travel 200 miles from the expedition's headquarters to the post-office, being carried by Tibetans on ponies.

It is understood that all the postcards will be carried to the highest point reached by the expedition and posted from there with a special stamp. The stamp is a rich blue, with a mountain peak in pure white and a tiny picture of the explorers' camp in the foreground.

The Everest expedition has just left England for its new attempt to reach the peak, and we hope we may be able to inform our readers in due time that it has reached the top.

MOST WONDERFUL HOUSE OF OUR TIME

MADE TO LAST FOR CENTURIES

A Toy Palace that Future Generations Will Come to See

MARVEL OF INGENUITY

One of the nicest things about nice men and women is that they never grow too old to be interested in somebody's toys; and it was a very happy thought that some of the most gifted people of the day should have been making a tiny toy palace for the Queen.

We may be quite sure that this so-called Doll's House will be one of the most fascinating things to be seen at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley this summer, and that it will be seen for centuries in one of our museums.

For this dainty construction has a historic value. In another few hundred years the Queen's toy palace will be a perfect example in miniature, on the scale of an inch to a foot, of an English house in 1924. So that, quite apart from the immediate pleasure they have given, the people who have framed the house have by no means wasted their time.

House that Opens Itself

Sir Edwin Lutyens, R.A., is the architect, and we believe him when he speaks of the delight it has given him to plan this wonderful toy house. In style it reminds us ever so little of Hampton Court, but, generally speaking, it is a Lutyens building, and has all the dignity we associate with the work of this great architect.

The house is in three storeys, and by means of electric springs it opens itself out for those who wish to inspect it. It is about five feet high, eight feet six inches long, and five feet deep. At one end a garden comes out and in, as you wish, with every imaginable flower and a fairy ring of toadstools one-eighth of an inch high; and at the other end a garage comes out and in, with minute Daimler, Rolls Royce, Sunbeam, and Vauxhall cars. On the top of the house, like fairy pinnacles, are tiny statuettes by Sir George Frampton, who gave us Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens.

Things that Really Work

It is almost impossible for us to understand the art that has gone to the making of this toy house. Mr. Edmund Dulac's paintings on the nursery wall, the Queen's writing-room, Sir John Lavery's tiny portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, are but a few of the wonderful decorations.

There is a tiny gramophone that works, a perfect sewing-machine, a complete electric lift, clocks that keep time, a vacuum cleaner, a fountain pen half an inch long, proper locks and keys, water running out of taps, and so on.

From the cellar (with real cobwebs) through saloon and dining-room, to the library and bedrooms, the house is like an exquisite gem. Books, furniture, ornaments, saucepans, golf clubs—they are all there. A hundred authors have written a hundred actual books—Mr. Kipling and Sir J. M. Barrie among them—all in their own handwriting.

A Joy for all to See

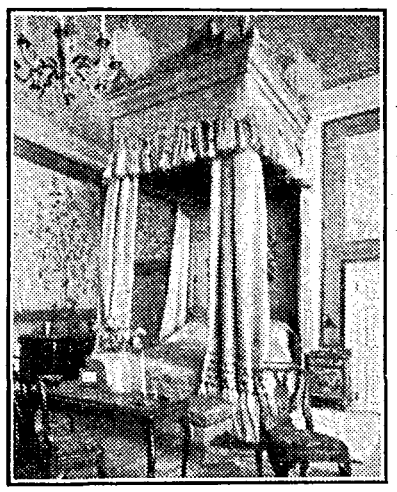
Every room is fitted and supplied as a lady or gentleman would like it. It would seem that a fairy gift had pointed with magic the human fingers of the great number of people who have helped to make this toy house. It has been insured for £250,000.

Artists will love to go and see it; so will the grown-ups who are never tired of toys. But we like most to think of the children who will go and stand and stare, and come away with fairy pictures before their eyes and fairy thoughts in their heads.

Pictures on page 3

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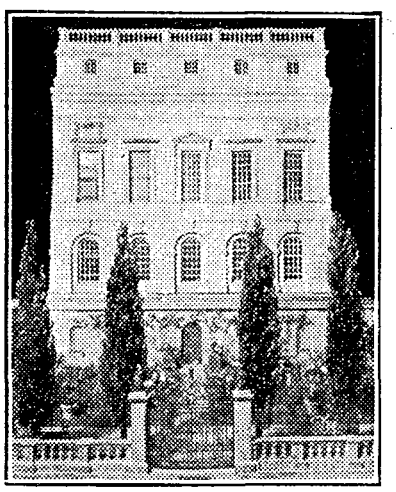
House to Let—The Beautiful Home Without a Tenant



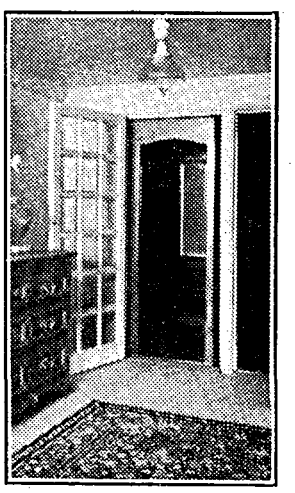
The King's bedroom



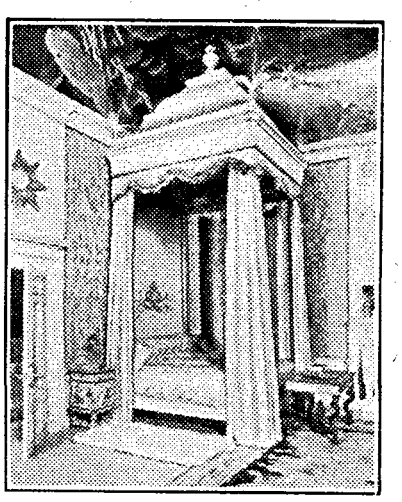
The King's bathroom



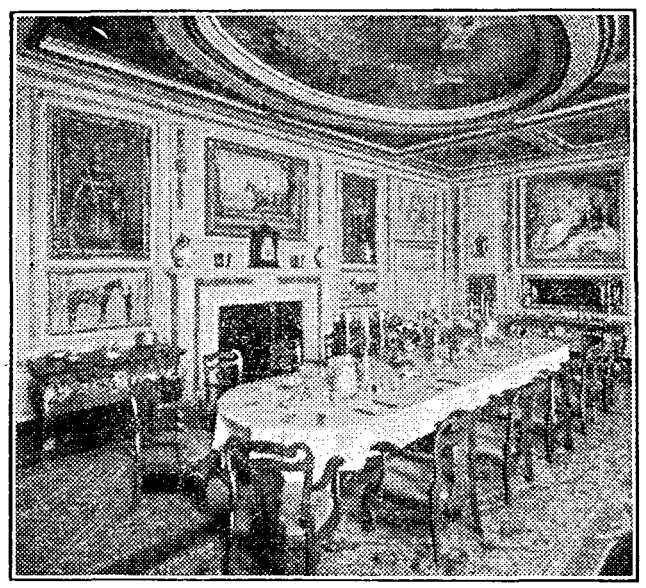
The garden front



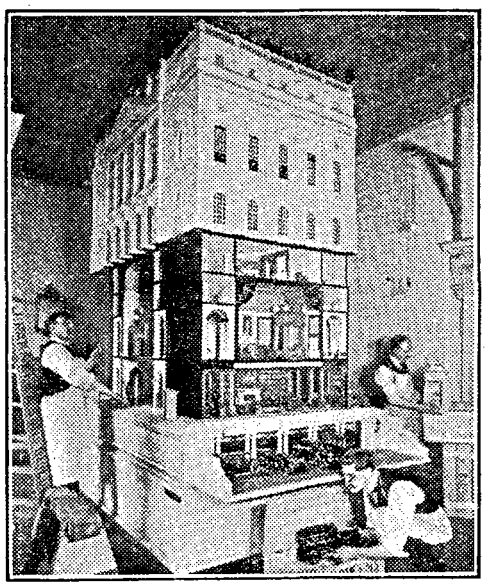
The lobby and lift



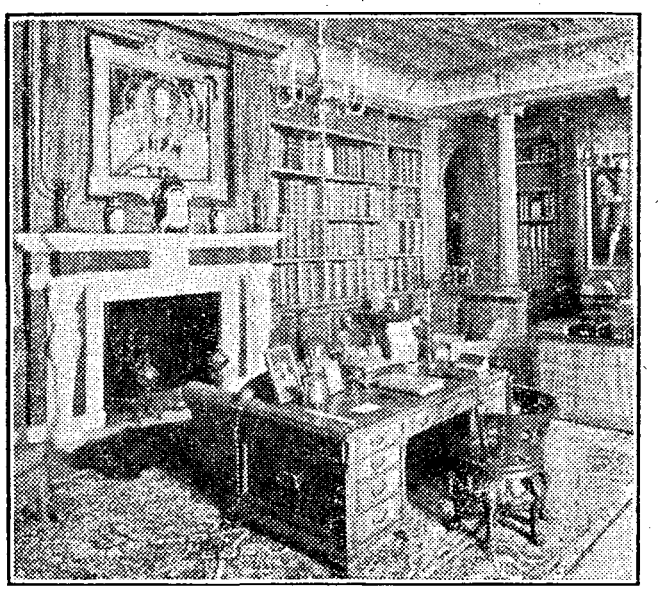
The Queen's bedroom



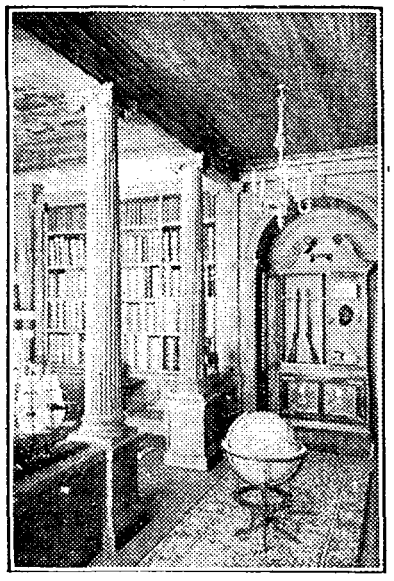
The dining-room



The house opened to show the interior



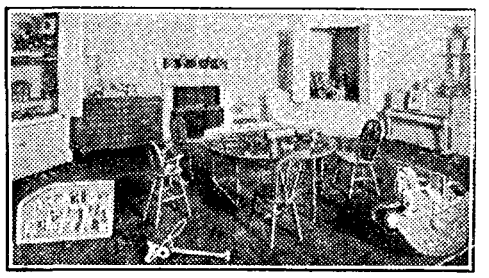
The well-stocked library



A corner of the library



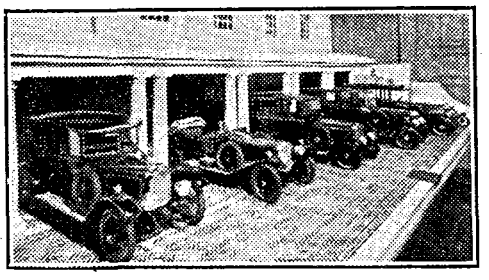
The kitchen with ingredients for an apple pudding



The nursery and its many toys



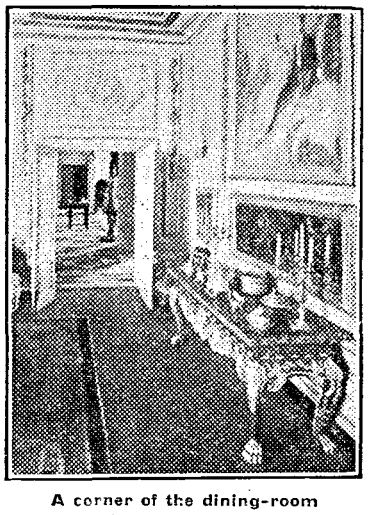
The Queen's wardrobe



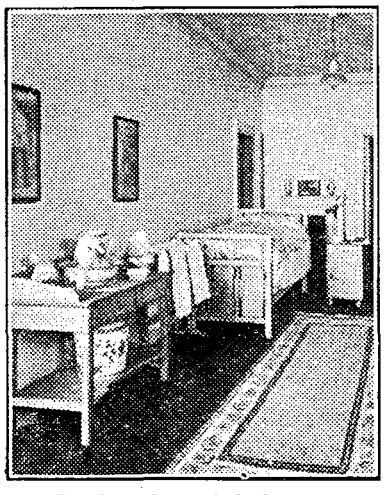
The garage and its cars



The beautiful hall and staircase



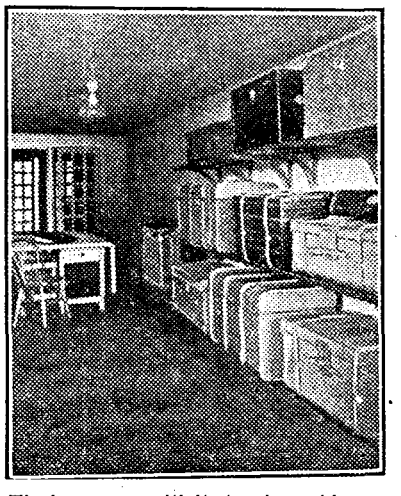
A corner of the dining-room



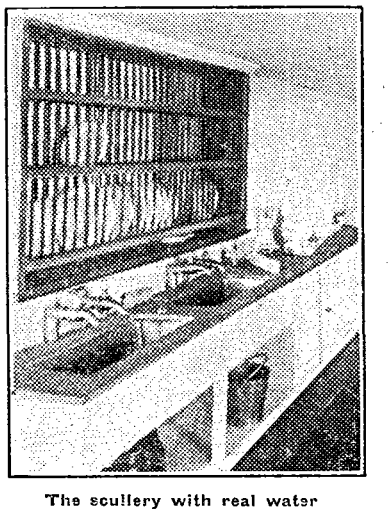
The housekeeper's bedroom



The cellar store



The box-room with its trunks and boxes



The scullery with real water

The most wonderful doll's house in the world has just been completed and will be on show at the British Empire Exhibition this summer. It is being presented to the Queen, and all the money obtained by exhibiting it will go to charity. Everything is exactly to scale, and these pictures of different rooms show how very realistic the house is. See page 2

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HOUSES FOR OUR PEOPLE

CAN THEY BE BUILT FOR £500?

What the Nation Can Do to Help Trade and Lengthen Life

THE LABOUR SHORTAGE AND HOW TO MEET IT

By Our Industrial Correspondent

The Government is hoping to be able to build houses which will cost only £500 and let at nine shillings a week. Everybody hopes they will be able to do it.

It would not be right to say that nothing has been done to provide new houses since the war ended, for many brains have applied themselves to the process and three Governments have worked at it. It is true, however, that the efforts made have been inadequate, and that in nearly all parts of the country there are not enough houses.

It is also true that too many existing houses are unhealthy, uncomfortable, and dilapidated.

Estimates of housing reformers vary as to how many new houses are needed, but the smallest number which would give any reasonable relief to overcrowding is 250,000, and 500,000 would certainly not be too many.

A Big Operation

To build 250,000 houses in a short space of time is a very big operation, and a costly one; but it is a small thing if we compare it with the marvellous feats of building and manufacturing which were done in the course of the war.

Then we were spurred to action by patriotism. Housing reformers now urge that the making of homes is as patriotic a duty. If we reckon how many people are killed in a year by bad housing we find it is an enormous number.

How do we know that? By a very simple test. If we compare crowded and insanitary towns with open and healthy towns we find that the death-rate in the slum cities is much greater than in the well-built places. The difference is startling, and shows that tens of thousands are actually killed by unhealthy homes.

Things that Matter

Moreover, those who are not actually killed by the diseases bred in the slums are attacked frequently by illness and robbed of energy and earning power.

These things matter to everyone, and there is no more necessary or noble work before the nation than to build more new houses and rebuild many old ones.

It is not generally realised that there are *not enough skilled building workers in the country to do all the work that is called for.* That is largely owing to the war.

We need more bricklayers, plasterers, and carpenters, and all these occupations are highly skilled and deeply interesting. Any reader who has stopped to watch the laying of bricks, or the plastering of walls, or the planning out of roof timbers, must have been struck by the fascination of the work.

Increasing the Output

If we are to get the houses the nation needs, a big addition must be made to the skilled trades. This can only be done quickly by the methods followed in the war, which was to bring in unskilled men and to train them quickly under the skilled workers.

But, if we do this with the building trade, we must protect the old workers from unemployment. Naturally they fear that after a little while the demand for building will fall off, and that then they, the old workers in the trade, will suffer bitterly from the bringing in of people to meet a temporary trouble.

It is for the nation to meet fairly and squarely this fear of the building workers, and we can do it if we wish. We can make an extended programme of building work to cover a number of years, which would ensure full employment to an enlarged building industry.

THE FIRST LEAGUE OF NATIONS

HIAWATHA'S EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD

His Great Council Comes Together Again

RED MAN'S TRIBE BACK IN THE FOLD

No reader of Fenimore Cooper can fail to be thrilled by the news that the Supreme Council of the Six Nations of the Iroquois Confederacy is once more complete.

It is useless to tell us that the Red Indians in the Eastern States of America are now half-white and wholly civilised, hard working, humdrum citizens like their American neighbours. For us they are still the most romantic warriors our minds have ever pictured, and the Supreme Council of the Six Nations is a more imposing thing than any parliament of white men.

But there is a much more interesting thing to remember at the moment, for this Council of the Six Nations was the first League of Nations ever known!

Bringing the People Together

Like the League of Nations to which America refuses to belong, the first league came from America, and from the Red Men. The founder of it was none other than our friend Hiawatha, whose fame in every school in the English-speaking world has been made sure by Longfellow.

Hiawatha it was who brought together the six nations and tribes inhabiting the country round the St. Lawrence River, and his league was so great a success that wars ceased among the Iroquois sections, and the tribes became highly skilled in arts of peace.

But of late there has been trouble in the Council; for over a century it has been split, and the tragedy of it is that it was the loyalty of a tribe to Britain which split the first League of Nations.

For more than a century the Six Nations have been only five. Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras have met in solemn conclave, but the Cayugas have been excluded. In 1812 they fought on the British side against the United States, and against the Confederacy itself; and for this they were cut off from the other tribes.

Minnehaha Laughs

Yet they might have been received back long ago but for the fact that all the land of the Cayugas was in Canada, and none of it in New York. Even the wampum—the symbolical shells and beads given by the Government in acknowledgment of the tribal claim on the tribal lands—was over the border, too, taken thither when the rebel tribesmen settled in exile under British protectors.

But now the Canadian Cayugas have sent wampum to their brethren in New York State, and by its means these have been re-established in the Supreme Council of the Iroquois, and the Six Nations are united once more.

How Longfellow's Great Hiawatha, the founder of their league, must rejoice in the Happy Hunting Grounds at the news, and Minnehaha laugh to see the pleasure of her lord!

SHIP AMONG THE JELLY-FISH

Strange Sight in the Pacific

An ocean liner steaming off the Californian coast recently has had a remarkable experience.

It ran into huge masses of jelly-fish, which gave the impression that the ship was simply ploughing its way through a sea of jelly. It is said that the creatures had migrated on account of the volcanic disturbances that have taken place in the Western Pacific.

WILL THE TAXES GO DOWN?

The Chancellor's Hope and Prospects

SOME FIGURES AND WHAT THEY MAY MEAN

What are the chances of a reduction of taxation next year? many people are wondering.

The new Government is not going to be quite as unlucky over its first Budget as its friends had feared.

Mr. Baldwin, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer last year, estimated that at the end of the present financial year, on March 31, there would be a surplus of revenue over expenditure of only two million pounds; but last month's figures point to a surplus of twenty millions or more. Expenditure has been well within the estimates, and revenue substantially above them.

Any surplus in this year's accounts goes automatically to the reduction of the National Debt; it cannot be used in reduction of taxation. But what must please the new Chancellor and his colleagues is that a good surplus on this year points to a better surplus on next year; and if Mr. Snowden's advisers at the Treasury are able to tell him that a continuance of taxation and expenditure on the present basis from next April till March of next year will yield a good surplus—increased by any economies he can secure—he will be able to propose some good reductions in taxation.

He is said to be specially anxious to reduce the duty on sugar, which is felt by the very poorest and is particularly hard on people with large families, for sugar is not a luxury but essential food.

GETTING IT DONE

An Act of National Justice

Everybody is watching with interest the proposals of our first Labour Government, which seems likely to do quickly a number of things that almost everybody feels should be done.

There are plenty of really good things which ought to be done, and which nobody wishes to prevent, and some of these the Government is getting on with at once.

One prompt act of the Government, which should never have been needed, is the removal from the workhouse of the soldiers who were deprived of their reason by the war. It was for us all that fearful calamity of a lost mind was suffered, and the nation was bound to treat the victims in an honourable way.

The Government acted in this matter at once, without asking leave from Parliament. They assumed that Parliament would approve of what they had done. So they did it first, and sought leave afterwards. These poor mind-shattered men have now been taken from the workhouses.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF A FROG

True Snake Stories

By Our Australia Correspondent

A railway man in New South Wales not long ago saw a snake put its head out of a hole in a log and hold a frog, paralysed by fright. The snake had the frog in its mouth and was withdrawing into the log when it found that it could not get its head back through the hole, and the railway man, who had an axe in his hand, chopped the snake's head off with one blow. To his amazement, the frog jumped out apparently none the worse for its adventure!

Clifford Scholes, who is a farmer at Dungowannah, New South Wales, has been bitten on four separate occasions by a tiger snake, while walking along the verandah of his father's home.

Medical men say that it is one of the most remarkable cases on record, for it would appear that the same snake has bitten the young man on each occasion, and each time has got away.

BEATRICE MAUD RYAN

HOW SHE CARRIED ON

A Brave Woman and Her Island Adventures

TWO LIVES FOR A TRIBE

By Our Missionary Correspondent

A fine story has come to an end in the island of Madagascar.

Eleven or twelve years ago James W. Ryan and his wife made their home in Madagascar. They did not go to trade with the people of the island, but to share with them something that they had learned of God and brotherhood and peace.

They were Friends (or Quakers, as we sometimes call them), a people who believe in living at peace with all men; and they went to the Sakalava people, a strong and handsome tribe on the west of the island, to share with them their way of life.

Madagascar is the third largest island in the world. It looks small on the map because we always see it with Africa, and Africa is very big. Everyone looks small when he is measured by the side of a giant. But it is really a very large island indeed, surrounded by a great belt of forest, beyond which lie the moorlands and hills, where the most powerful tribe of the Hovas have their home.

Among the Crocodiles

Madagascar is, as all C.N. readers know, a French colony; but before the French flag was hoisted the Hovas were the great tribe there. And yet the Sakalava, though not so powerful, were never subdued, and on the west of the island they live their independent life.

The place at which Mr and Mrs. Ryan lived is called Maintinaro, on the west coast. It is not a good climate. Fevers hang about the coastland. Blackwater fever and malaria are always a danger. There are hardly any roads; and the two Friends, in moving about from place to place, had to travel by boat along the river, which had many crocodiles in it.

They must have been lonely sometimes, for the nearest station to theirs was far down the coast

Molly and Her Travels

But all the happy work of these two brave Friends is over, so far as we can see it. In 1918, after a visit to England, James W. Ryan was sailing back when a German submarine torpedoed the steamer on which he was travelling, and he was drowned, one of the millions whom the war claimed before their time.

But his wife, with her little daughter, born just before her father's death, would not leave her friends in the island. She made up her mind to carry on. At first she could not return to Madagascar, and taught Zulu girls in a Natal school; but as soon as the way was open she crossed the sea to the island with her little child Molly. For a while she used to take Molly with her on her journeys, but afterwards she had to send her daughter to school in Africa. She was about to return to Africa on her way to England for a rest when she caught fever and died.

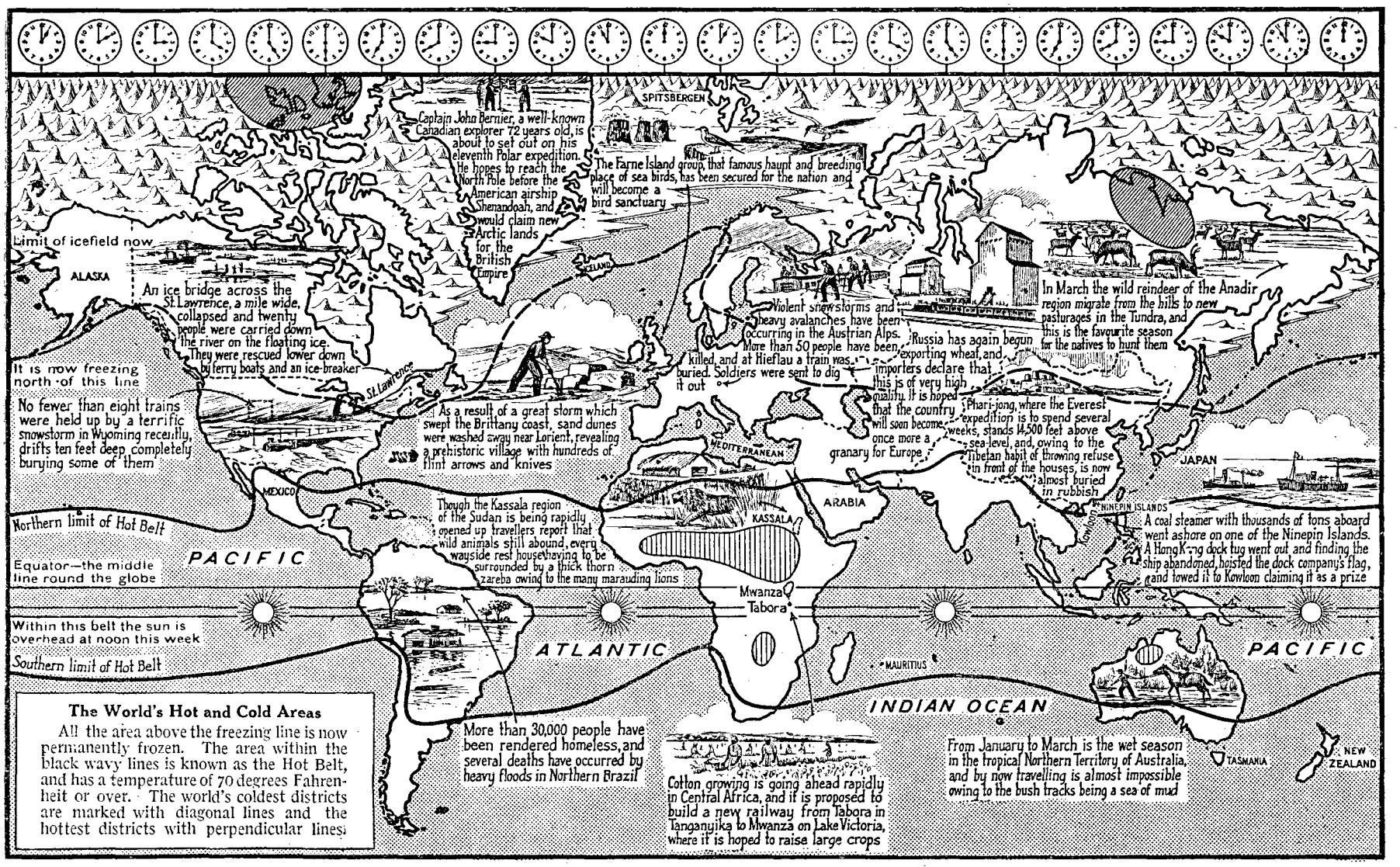
The Story of a Great Love

It is in such lives as Beatrice Maud Ryan's that the best hope of a new world lies. These two Friends gave their love to a strange tribe. They went among them, not for what they could get, but to give. They went with no arms but the might of a great love. When one was taken away in his youth by a cruel death, the other went back.

She carried on; but only for a short time. Now there will be added to the memories of a tribe in Madagascar the story of two young English folk with a little child who, out of love for them, left their home and country; and whenever they remember they will ask themselves: "Why did they do this thing?"

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PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT & COLD AREAS



The World's Hot and Cold Areas

All the area above the freezing line is now permanently frozen. The area within the black wavy lines is known as the Hot Belt, and has a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit or over. The world's coldest districts are marked with diagonal lines and the hottest districts with perpendicular lines.

FRANCE AND HER CHURCHES

An Old Quarrel with Rome

WISE AGREEMENT REACHED AT LAST

The Pope has just made a wise move towards the easing of a long and bitter feud between the French Republic and the Church of Rome.

There are good Roman Catholics in every French party, but the Church had come to be classed among the opponents of republicanism and democracy in a way deplored by its best defenders.

The Republic regards the cathedrals and churches as national property, and by the Separation Act of 1905 it was enacted that religious bodies wishing to use them must form themselves into "sectarian associations" and make formal application for the use of the churches. It was provided that if they refused to do so the churches were to be turned to secular uses.

Under orders from the Pope of that day they did refuse, but the Government never put the penalty in force, and the Catholics have since been quietly allowed to use the churches pretty much as if they were their own. It was a thoroughly unsatisfactory position, for the Church people had no security and were liable to penalties at any time; and the secular authorities were in a position of little greater dignity.

Now the Pope has quietly promulgated a decree by which Catholics may form themselves into associations and may formally apply for permission to hold and use the churches.

Now that the old controversies about education are promising to show fresh signs of life at the coming February elections it is satisfactory that this particular quarrel should be settled.

ANOTHER REFUGE FOR BIRDS

Farne Islands Safe for Them

All who are interested in bird life will be glad to know that the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, have now been acquired by the National Trust, and so their preservation as a bird sanctuary is secured, as the C.N. hoped it would be.

The islands have from time beyond memory been a remarkable breeding place for sea birds. They are centrally situated between the birds that keep to the North and those that frequent the South of Great Britain. For instance, the eider duck, a northern bird, reaches them but goes no farther south; and the Sandwich tern, a southern bird, comes as far north, but no farther.

Birds quickly know when their nesting place is secure, and show remarkable confidence.

The National Trust now has three sanctuaries on the east coast, the other two being at Blakeney Point and at Scolt Head. It also has as a reserve the last piece of genuine fen in Cambridgeshire (Wicken Fen, near Soham), kept as a preserve for insect life, but much appreciated by birds.

The work of the National Trust is beyond praise, and we wish it long years of good service. *See World Map*

THE BIGGEST CHIMNEY

Half as High Again as St. Paul's

The C.N. not long ago told of a big chimney in America, 500 feet high, which was thought to be the tallest in the world.

This, however, proves to be incorrect, for the chimney of the Washoe smelter at the Anaconda copper mine in Montana is 585 feet high, or about half as high again as the top of St. Paul's.

Mr. James MacCalman, of Deer Lodge, Montana, who sends us this information, says the internal diameter of this great stack is 60 feet, which means it is more than 200 feet round outside.

WHAT FOURPENCE WILL BUY

The Best Music for the Poor

Most of us have probably made plans as to how we should spend a million if we had it. Here is a plan which hundreds of children have actually carried out; it concerns the spending of fourpence!

It was a wonderful bargain they secured—two hours of intense enjoyment, preceded by hours of delightful anticipation and preparation, to be followed by years of happy recollections.

This was made possible by one of the children's concerts arranged by the South London Philharmonic Society.

The children who went to this concert had been made acquainted with the life of the great British composer Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, whose music carries with it a suggestion of the Irish folk songs of his native land; they had heard the story of Dvorak, who enshrined in his music the national spirit of his beloved Bohemia—then in danger of being crushed out of existence through the influence of Austria; and at the concert they heard a splendid choir and orchestra perform works by both these composers.

Bristol, Birmingham, Bournemouth, and other towns organise similar concerts for children, and those who have been present declare that a better way of spending fourpence cannot be found. We believe it, and the C.N. sends its greetings to the South London Philharmonic Society and to Mr. Kerridge, its conductor, and wishes them great happiness in return for the happiness they give to the children of our schools.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cheops	**Ke**-ops
Cherokees	Cher-o-**keez**
Dvorak	**Dvor**-shahk
Iroquois	Ir-o-**kwoy**
Messina	Mes-**se**-nah
Oneidas	O-**ni**-dahz
Pliny	**Plin**-e
Senecas	**Sen**-e-kahz

CASTING BRITISH IDEAS ON THE WINDS

Wireless Over the Empire

SOMETHING TO BE DONE AT LAST

The new Postmaster-General has appointed a new committee to consider the policy to be adopted with regard to an Imperial Wireless Service.

Postmasters-General and committees have been considering imperial wireless steadily for twelve years. What we want now is creation, not consideration, and we seem to be going to get it.

There has been a deadlock between the Post Office permanent officials and the great Marconi Company about who should work the British end of the system when it was made, and one of the Postmasters-General tried to imitate Solomon by saying that they should each work half of it—an impossible plan.

We are behind nearly all the world in wireless development—so much so that there is a fear that when we do get going all the best wave-lengths will already have been appropriated by others!

Other countries have been quick to realise its value and send news all over the Earth, colouring it to their taste to show what model Goverments they have. Our Government sends out news, too, and a very good, impartial news service it is, but our existing wireless station at Leafield does not carry anything like far enough.

That is not the way to promote Imperial unity or to extend the influence of Britain. We are all interested in the spreading of British ideas throughout the world, and in these days of wonder, when civilisation is moving at wireless speed, it is a pity that British ideas should not be thrown on to the winds.

When the great new wireless station at Rugby has been built, and it has been decided who shall manage it, we shall be able to speak with our kinsfolk overseas quickly and cheaply.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
MARCH 1 ❀ ❀ 1924

Twelve Times

WE have often thought of a little thing a great scientist said the other day as he turned aside from an experiment.

It was that good man Sir William Bragg, who paused in his magician's work for a moment and became a philosopher, asking us if we had ever played a certain game. This is it.

One of the players draws a picture. This he hands to the second player, who copies it line for line. So round the circle each one copies his neighbour's drawing, and when the twelfth player has finished his picture, the last is compared with the first.

The first picture might be one of Napoleon crossing the Alps, and the last more like Jack and the Beanstalk.

He always called the game Scandal at Home, Sir William Bragg said, and he said it illustrates how a story will be altered when told twelve times. And the scientist was right, for we all know how a story changes as it is told over and over again.

It might be a kind story, but unhappily kind stories do not go so swiftly as the unkind ones. More often it is a story with a sting in it, and the spreading of it, and the changing of it from bad to worse, make a great deal of mischief in the world.

Now, why did Sir William Bragg turn aside with a smile to tell his hearers about this game? Because he wanted to show how important it was for the workman in making delicate machinery to keep the standard, *the master-standard*, always before him. He must test his gauge not by a copy but by the standard. Then what is the right way for us in the world, where the game of Scandal is always being played, and we are always hearing something about somebody? It is to test the story by the standard.

Have you heard about So-and-So?
No.
Then I'll tell you——
Stop! Let us find So-and-So first, and let him hear it and see if it is true or not.

That would be going back to the standard. To do this would stop dead a great deal of mischief. We can generally be sure that if anyone brings to us a story against the character of another, and will not tell it in his presence, there is nothing in it.

There are some people who are known to their friends as bad conductors of scandal. Someone at a dinner-party was once telling such a story, and when he had finished a quiet voice asked: "For how many thousand pounds would you tell that to Mr. Gladstone?" Suppose we try to be non-conductors of all things that are ignoble and ungenerous and unkind! It is worth while.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE



Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

Two Half-Crowns

WE are glad to see that an attempt is to be made to carry out the wise law which forbids children smoking cigarettes. For years every policeman has seen this law broken and done nothing about it.

We are reminded that a friend of ours, when he was a boy, was once given half-a-crown by Carlyle for fetching him some tobacco to fill his pipe; and, telling us of this the other day, another friend added: "I was once given half-a-crown by Whistler."

We are afraid both these boys spent their half-crowns and are sorry now.

❀

The Birthday Wish

A BOY "on the other side" who has had a wireless party is said to have received thousands of letters, and he declares that the hardest thing he ever had to do was to answer the man who urged him to be "a greater inventor than Edison and a greater statesman than Wilson."

Perhaps the correspondent would be satisfied if our young friend promised to be one, if he could not be both.

❀

When Marco Polo Lay Dying

SOMEONE reminds the world that six hundred years ago Marco Polo lay dying, and that he was surrounded by friends all entreating him to retract his statements concerning the sights he had seen in Asia. Few people could then believe what to us is now a commonplace.

So the world wags. What will people think of our wireless six hundred years from now?

❀

The Guide in the Cathedral

WE are glad to see a wise word in The Times on Cathedral Guides.

There are guides and guides. One of them makes a cathedral what it is, a solemn place of mystery and wonder, with something of the glow of all the noble men and women who have been there living or lie there sleeping. There is such a man in Rochester Cathedral, and it is a joy to hear him as he makes the old stones speak.

The other guide tells us that a certain bishop was consecrated in this place on a certain date; that this column was repaired in 1876; that something else happened in the reign of some king whose name is in the school-books. To him the cathedral is a list of dates in stone, a place for registering coronations, and consecrations, and other celebrations. We heard one in Westminster Abbey the other day. Standing amid the glory of the tombs, on a spot unparalleled for its thrilling beauty and its wondrous past, he pointed to a table and informed us that *Princess Mary signed the marriage register on that table.*

We wish we could have poets as Cathedral Guides, but at least we might have fewer men who are worse than nothing at all.

Finding Out Things

THERE is something fine in a few words spoken by the Director of the Royal Institution the other day. Scientific research, said Sir William Bragg, is not a religion but the act of a religion.

It implies a certain faith in the beauty and the purpose of the universe. That beauty is meant to be seen by those who have eyes to see, and each further step expands the horizon.

That is the final answer to those who wonder what is the good of finding things out. The good of it is that our faith leads us to expect the unfolding of new beauty everywhere, and never yet has man been disappointed.

❀

Tip-Cat

AN explorer has discovered a bird which barks. Tax collectors will soon be dogging it for a licence.

⊡

A LADY'S paper announces that slashed hats are coming in. We suppose the prices will be cut.

⊡

THE oldest language is the language of signs. In those days men of letters were merely sign-writers.

⊡

MR. SHAW wants a machine for seeing what is in men's minds. We want one for putting something into some men's.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW
What a sailor sows when he ploughs the sea

⊡

A CORRESPONDENT asks how a letter should be ended. Always with the last word.

⊡

YOU will never develop literary tastes in a child, we are told, by compelling it to read books. Especially some books.

⊡

MOTORISTS protest that pedestrians do not give them a chance. They get a good many of them, all the same.

⊡

IT is said that blue-eyed people invariably know what they want. It does not follow that they get it.

⊡

MANY men might be greater than they are. And quite as many are not so great as they think they are.

❀

What Does Little Birdie Say?

WE learn from a book on birds that the wren is regarded by the Cherokee Indians as a gossip.

When a new baby is born among the Cherokees off flies the wren to spread the important news. If it is a boy, all the birds sing a dirge: "Alas, the whistle of the arrow!" But if it is a girl they sing with joy: "Thanks! The sound of the pestle."

From the boy they expect death; from the girl grains of corn as she grinds the flour. Careless little girl!

Things Said Lately

The only practicable ideal for a Labour Party is that every man shall enjoy his day's work, and a good article come out at the end of it.

Dr. L. P. Jacks

Unless it is realised that science should benefit the whole race instead of being used to destroy it, civilised man will assuredly disappear from this planet, for the forces at his disposal will be so strong that an army or a city may be annihilated almost by the touch of a button.

Sir Richard Gregory

The national life today is too much like an oasis here and an oasis there in the middle of a desert of distress. I do not want the desert to swallow up the oases; I want the oases to spread until they swallow the desert.

The Prime Minister

If we understood what is in a lump of clay we should have a means of revolutionising civilisation. *Sir J. J. Thomson*

Scotland has a system of education which, as a whole, is in advance of probably anything else in the world.

The Lord Chancellor

I can dance as well at 73, and am as supple as in youth, because I have taken the trouble to see that the clothes I wear by day, and those in which I sleep, are dry. *Sir James Cantlie*

There is no place in the world where bells have been so well tuned in the last 25 years as in England.

Mr. Wooding Starmer

A nursery-maid may do more harm in ten minutes than a professor may remedy in ten years. *Dr James Glover*

I have some lovely sounds in my head; may I play them to you?

A little Clapham boy in the middle of his music-lesson

People who make the noises and own the traffic in London seem to have lost all sense of relationship to the rest of the people. *Alfred H. Powell*

❀

My Little One

ALL that's good and pure and noble
In this little one is set;
All the storms of care and trouble
Cannot break it yet.

WARM with sunshine, fresh with shower,
In this child there lies a seed
Which will spring and grow and flower
In the hour of need.

COURAGE for the hidden danger,
Strength to grapple with the foe,
May not seem there to a stranger:
God alone doth know.

ESTELLE BOUGHTON

❀

A Prayer of Queen Elizabeth

This little prayer was written in her own hand in a small prayer-book belonging to Queen Elizabeth:

May I so rule others with my sceptre that I govern myself by Thy word. In guiding the State may reason so dominate the mind, faith dominate reason, Thy grace dominate faith, that nothing may please me which is displeasing to Thee.

WORLD WHISPERING GALLERY

A VOICE WITH FORTY MILLION HEARERS

Stirring Experience of a Master Wireless Man

NO LIMIT TO THE WONDER OF BROADCASTING

Every day the voice of wireless reaches farther and farther; every day it finds a new listener, speaking words that seem at first to him to come from nowhere, as if he were in a Whispering Gallery as vast as an ocean, as wide as a continent.

It is a voice that speaks to all the world, sometimes singling out a boy who has made his own crystal set, sometimes reverberating through the cities of half a world with the words of a master Wireless Man.

One day nine years ago, when all that Europe listened to was the sound of strife between the armies of nations at one another's throat, a wireless man in New York called by name another wireless man in San Francisco named Carty, and Carty called back to him. The voices of these two were miraculously heard 5000 miles away in the Pacific Ocean at Honolulu.

Ever-Widening Circles

That was the beginning, the first line on a new page of the history of the world. Miraculous it seemed; a miracle indeed it was, of greater importance to mankind than the war in the midst of which the words were spoken. The other day the man who spoke from San Francisco in 1915, General John Carty, stood before a microphone in Chicago and spoke to forty million people.

And could they hear him? They could and did. His voice was carried from the microphone over telephone wires to the great broadcasting centres, including Havana in Cuba, New York in the East, San Francisco at the Golden Gate of the West; and from them spread out again in ever-widening circles till the ripples covered the Americas with a web of sound.

A Surprise for the Ships

All the people waiting for the message heard it; ships out at sea were surprised by it; it could have been heard, had there been instruments and ears to listen, among the solitary peaks of the Andes or the dark forests of the Amazon.

General Carty used his microphone as if it had been a world orchestra. Those who were listening in New York heard his calls like the first taps of the conductor's baton—*Hello, Havana, Cuba! How's everybody?* and Cuba's instant reply: *This is Havana, Cuba! All well here!* A moment later San Francisco replied to the Wireless Conductor's query: *Yes, General Carty, this is San Francisco! Williams speaking!* And so on, one after the other, all the stations responding to the beat.

A Wonderful Programme

Then the new World Orchestra responded to the conductor's call, each station furnishing an item that could be heard by all the rest. Havana played to the forty million audience Mendelssohn's Meditation as a violin solo; San Francisco rang out Home, Sweet Home on a chime of bells; Maine, in New England, still held fast in winter's ice and snow, sounded a bugle salute; from Florida, where the orange groves bask in unending summer, came the strains of a plantation song.

When the wonderful programme was at an end, General Carty made a little speech to his peaceful army of millions ot listeners-in. Still in its infancy, he told them, was this mysterious and great

Continued from the previous column

instrument to which they had listened. In its childhood it is, this infant Atlas which bears the Earth on its shoulders. Its possibilities are only suspected. What it does every day surpasses what was predicted of it the day before. This wonderful power which man has taken into his hands is to the wisest expert little different from what a valve set would be to a savage who picked it up on a beach in Papua. He understands what it may do almost as little as the savage would, and he is often as much puzzled to say why it does it.

Then, again, only the other day a clever boy at Mill Hill School ran before daylight to test a wireless set that had been reassembled by him the night before, after having been dismantled for some time. He ticked out his station signal, and then, through the darkness, came a reply from Montreal. He was, as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand, in touch with the American continent. The American continent responded like a chorus of awakening birds to his touch. He chatted by Morse code with another schoolboy who picked him up from near Pittsburg.

Imagine it—two schoolboys in touch with one another across the Atlantic before breakfast! Before he had done he had found a friend, an old friend, who called him up—for the friend was in the Whispering Gallery, too, and had heard him. And was that not a wonderful story of the captain of a small British cargo boat who, while in the Baltic, suddenly found his small crystal set, the hearing powers of which are limited to a few miles, or are supposed to be, picking up some testing experiments in broadcasting which were being made in London! All that can be said is that there is no limit that can be set to the powers of wireless. General Carty's broadcast speech travelled a mile below the seas, and miles above the Earth. If there were ears to hear, the wireless of the future might wake the echoes of the deserts of Mars.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A sixteen-storey "skyscraper" has been erected in Stockholm.

The Ford touring car can now be bought in Detroit, U.S.A., for £70, and the one-ton truck for £120.

Its Thousandth Birthday

The Hospice of St. Bernard, in Switzerland, has been quietly celebrating its thousandth anniversary.

Canada to New Zealand

Three bison have been presented by the Canadian Government to the collection of wild animals being assembled by Auckland, in New Zealand.

Aeroplanes Call at a Petrol Pump

Two aeroplanes passing over Kingsteignton, Devon, noticed the golden flag of a garage petrol pump, and, being short of spirit, landed in a field and purchased a supply from the pump.

Over forty thousand American farms now boast of wireless sets.

Police Constable Parker of Salford has risen at one step to be Chief Constable of Stalybridge. He is only 29.

A Painter by the Mile

One of the scene painters of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley is responsible for 18,000 yards of painting!

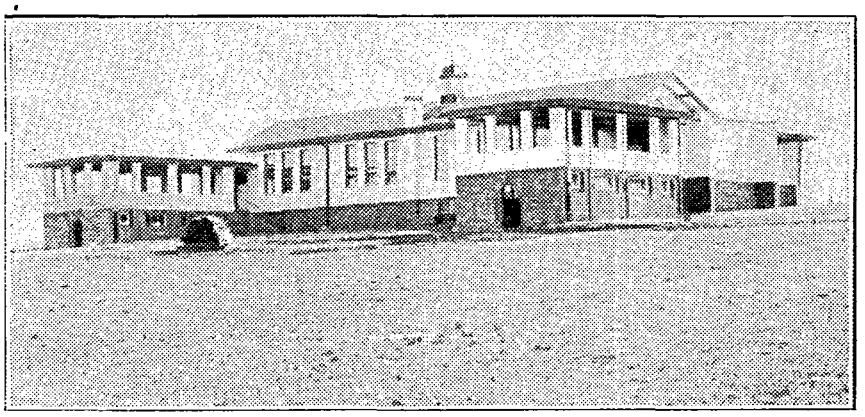
Jews Going to Palestine

During 1923 the number of Jews entering Palestine as immigrants was 7254, but in the same period 3466 Jews emigrated from that country to others.

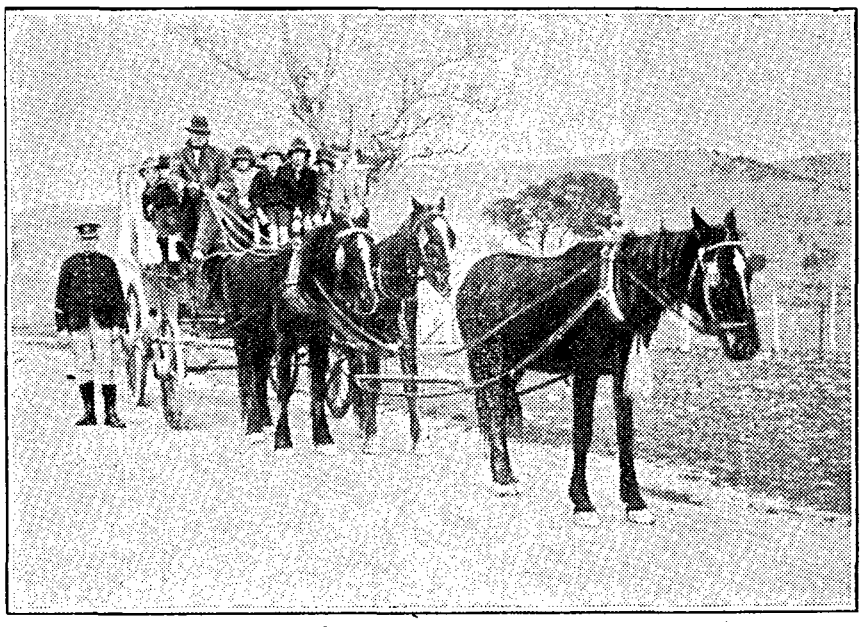
The Paper that Will Wash

A Japanese scientist has produced a washable paper, which can be crumpled up, washed with soap and water, and ironed. It can be used for parasol and umbrella coverings.

AT SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA'S NEW CAPITAL



The new stone school building at Canberra



A party of children on their way to school

Canberra, the Federal capital of the Australian Commonwealth, is not yet built, but a beginning has been made; and the top picture shows the first school in the capital, which has just been opened. The children come from a great distance round, and many drive to school

THE FACE OF PHARAOH

NOT TO BE SEEN YET

How He Lies in His Last Sleep in the Mountains

THE STRIFE AT THE SHRINE

No man is to see the face of Tutankhamen till next winter.

His coffin has been found; there can be now no doubt that he sleeps there, wrapped in wondrous coverings, encased in fabrics enriched with gold. But it will not be possible to unclothe the king, after his sleep of thirty-two centuries, till next winter's work begins.

The work this winter ended unhappily and abruptly with the discovery that Pharaoh is really in the tomb, for at the last moment, owing to an unfortunate quarrel with the Egyptian Government officials, Mr. Howard Carter closed the tomb a a protest and suspended all further operations.

Lifting the Great Lid

It is hoped that matters will be satisfactorily adjusted so that the rest of the unveiling of the tomb may proceed with the dignity befitting so solemn an event. It is a profound pity that the age-long silence of Pharaoh should be disturbed by strife and controversy around his shrine.

A day or two before this trouble ended with the closing of the tomb it was granted to a group of men to see that which has been secret from the world for over three thousand years—the manner wherein an Egyptian king was laid to rest.

A platform had been made in the place where the sarcophagus stood, so that the spectators would be in a position to see inside when the huge stone lid was lifted away. They were not able at first to view the human-shaped coffin because two shrouds of the finest linen lay above it, but as these folds were rolled back none of those present could help a gasp of amazement, for such a coffin, so royal in size and adornment, has never before been seen.

The Wonderful Casket

It stands inside the sarcophagus on a low bier, with lions' heads in gold at the head. Carved hands, crossed over the breast, hold a flail and a sceptre. The face of the dead king is reproduced on the coffin, modelled in gold, shining like the Sun, with eyes of crystal.

The watchers must have found it difficult to realise that this gorgeous object before them was a coffin and not a recumbent statue. And they must all have gone back in their minds down the alley of the crowding years, century after century, and seen in thought the body of this king being embalmed, a process taking some ninety days in all, and then laid in this most wonderful casket of death—a procession, beside which our greatest ceremonials must seem dim and tawdry, wound in splendour and throbbing colour out under the Eastern sky, to lay what was left of a king to rest in the heart of a mountain.

Rewriting the Book of History

Mr. Howard Carter and his workers at Luxor have done more than discover a sepulchre of a long dead king. They have rewritten a page in the book of history; they have taught us, proud of our art and our accomplishments, a new humility; they have set our thoughts wandering in new fields and shown us what a grave and solemn spectacle death can be.

And they have also shown us clearly that for all his royalty this poor dead king was but a man, but the stuff that dreams are made on, his little life rounded with a sleep.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BEES

JUSTICE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Nature Punishes Robber Bees and Slave-Raiding Ants

THE WAGES OF SIN

By Our Natural Historian

Shakespeare found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." What a moral he would have extracted from a recent publication of the British Bee-keepers' Association.

The whole document, very official and unromantic in its language, is full of interest for those who look at the matter not merely from the bee-keeper's point of view.

For example, it is interesting and even amusing to find the officials insisting that if we sell a hive, the colony, say of ten combs, shall have not only an egg-laying queen but bees for eight of the combs. These must have their cells charged with brood and have worker bees in abundance to wait on them.

Buying Bees by Weight

If we buy bees by weight we are to have 5000 to the pound, though the weight may vary from time to time according to the condition of the bees, whether they are heavy with newly-eaten honey, or light from fasting.

Then there must be a guarantee as to the health of all the occupants of the hive, but the certificate is to apply only to the time of sale.

The bees may be sound at the time of selling, but on the morrow they may develop the fatal bee disease. How should that happen? Because the winged insects, being free to come and go as they choose, can invade other hives where disease exists, rob the colony, and return with booty—and with the seeds of death from their victims.

Now, some scholars hold that the greatness of Greece and Rome was ended in some such way as this. Both had mosquitoes of older lineage than Greeks or Romans, but they were innocent, and the people remained healthy.

Fall of Two Nations

But in time ambition armed masses of soldiers and they went forth to conquer the world. They succeeded, but they brought back with them the germs of tropical disease. Their native mosquitoes bit them, absorbed the germs, spread them from end to end of the land, infecting tens of thousands, and so prepared the fall of the two nations. So we see that the wages of sin are death to man and insect alike.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise," said Solomon. And in an ants' nest is a more startling lesson than even the wise king knew. Industry is not always the guiding force of these insect marvels. They can err as lamentably as man.

As bees take to brigandage, ants take to raiding and slave-making. Once they have done so they depend entirely on the labour of their slaves, who must fight for their masters as well as feed them.

Red and Black Ants

Lord Avebury, who loved the ants and the bees, found that certain of our red ants are as tyrannical as foreign ants. They raid the black ants, which are then compelled to work for their masters.

The slave-makers, said Lord Avebury, will not even put food into their own mouths, but would starve in the midst of plenty if they had not slaves to feed them. He kept a colony of the tyrants, and found them in danger of perishing from the idleness begotten of their habits as slave-fed sluggards, though he could keep them alive for months if he gave them a slave for an hour or two in a week to clean and feed them.

What a humiliation it is for the insect which Solomon immortalised as an example of industry and wisdom! E. A. B.

CARRYING POWER TO AN ISLAND

HOW ITALY WILL SEND OUT ELECTRICITY

Great Towers on the Banks of the Messina Strait

A CHANCE FOR SICILY'S INDUSTRIES

A new idea is to be carried out in order to supply the island of Sicily with electric power for her sulphur mines and other industries, and for pumping up water for the irrigation of her dry lands.

The electricity is to be generated on the mainland of Italy, and carried across the Strait of Messina by a cable so high above the water that ships may pass under it.

Sicily has little water power of her own, owing to the irregularity of her rainfall and the lack of suitable positions for reservoirs; yet she is a country teeming with people and industries.

On the other hand, Calabria, on the mainland of Italy, has plenty of water power, and at Sila a huge power scheme is nearing completion. It is this that has set the engineers working to find some way of transmitting the electricity of the mainland to the island where it is so greatly needed.

Over and Under the Sea

The first idea was to pass the cables through a tunnel at the bottom of the sea, and this seems the natural method; but there were serious objections to it. In the first place, little is known of the geological conditions of the sea-bed; and, in the second place, suppose a tunnel could be constructed for the cables, the frequency of earthquakes in this region would render its existence very precarious.

The plan decided on, therefore, has been to erect two huge steel towers, one on each side of the Strait of Messina, a little north of the narrowest point where the strait is about two miles wide, and to stretch a number of steel cables between these through which the electricity could be carried at a pressure of 132,000 volts.

Higher than the Eiffel Tower

The towers are to be higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris, at present the highest building in the world. They will reach up 1082 feet from the ground, and the span between them, across which the high tension wires will be carried, will be more than two miles.

The United States Steel Corporation has undertaken to build the towers and complete the work within two years, and when finished it will be one of the modern wonders of the world.

The towers will be built on concrete foundations, and the cables will be 230 feet above the level of the sea. On one side of the strait the cable will be fixed; but on the other side there will be an automatic movable attachment to allow for contraction and expansion in varying temperatures, and for movement under wind pressure.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Gothic altar tapestry panel	£1207
12 Chippendale mahogany chairs	£700
A panel of Gobelins tapestry	£700
Two Chinese rugs and a carpet	£329
A Chinese porcelain vase	£267
A William III settee	£157
A 17th-century petition	£155
An inlaid Sheraton bookcase	£135
Panel of Flemish tapestry	£125
Drawing by Birket Foster	£119
A spinet of 1677	£105
Rare Lambeth Delft oval dish	£90
Italian bronze inkstand	£78
Two George III 3-light candelabra	£68
A letter by Nelson, 1801	£55
James I gold coin, a Spur Ryal	£37

THE MEN OF FOLLY

And the Harm They Do in India

EXTREMISTS OBSTRUCTING THE WELFARE OF THE COUNTRY

It is a pity that the Home Rule Party in India, the Swarajists, are using their successes at the elections to make government as difficult as they can.

India already has a large measure of Home Rule, and Britain desires to extend it as soon as the Indians are accustomed to what they have; but when the extremists use their voting power in this way, they make it very difficult for their friends to help them.

Wherever they have a majority they refuse to use it for the good of the country. They vote against even the Bills they approve if the Government has brought them forward. They are out, they say, to make all government impossible. They will not succeed, because the Government still has the power to pass measures over their heads when that is the only way to carry on; but the Government does not want to do so; it wants to work with the people.

Yet, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has warned them, neither the Indian Government nor the Home Government will allow anarchy. One can only hope that with reflection wiser counsels will prevail.

FILMS OF TODAY

Can They be Saved for the Future?

A grown-up newspaper reminds us that kinema film lasts only about ten years, so that we have no means of preserving for future generations moving pictures of the great events of our time.

Many of the films shown in these days are not worth preserving for ten minutes, but fame and fortune await the chemist who discovers a method of making films permanent.

The problem cannot be satisfactorily solved by printing many copies, because the original negative is soon weakened by making positives from it.

We should have been grateful for moving pictures of the first trains and steamships; shall we be able to leave for our descendants films of the first aeroplanes and airships?

THE BLACK COUNTRY

Brightening It Up

One more spot has been reclaimed from desolation in the Black Country and another step taken towards the transformation of that dreary region.

On a waste area of about 40 acres at Moxley, near Wednesbury, 250 young trees have been planted by the Midland Vacant Land Cultivation Society.

Sir William Ashley, of Birmingham University, in helping to plant them, said that nobody who travelled in the Black Country could fail to realise that evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart, but the society was trying to repair the mistakes of the past and to prepare a better future.

POLAND MOVING ON IN PEACE

America's Wealth for a Poor People

The first Polish State School of Hygiene will be opened in Warsaw this spring. The school has been built from American funds of the Rockefeller Trust, which has assigned for its building about £40,000—a splendid example of the chivalrous help of a poor nation from the wealth of another.

Training courses in modern hygiene will be held there for village doctors, nurses, and for the general public, the principal subjects of lectures being: epidemics, prevention of diseases, vaccination and inoculation, and disinfection. The school has a big library with all the best books on health and hygiene.

HOPE FOR A GREAT MULTITUDE

REAL CURE FOR LEPERS ON THE WAY

Good News for Hundreds of Thousands in India

SAD SIGHTS IN THE STREETS

Sir Leonard Rogers while in the Indian Medical Service was a continual witness of the fearful ravages of leprosy in India, spent much of his career in fighting leprosy, and has now been able to declare that he has found a treatment which he believes will arrest and cure it.

The treatment arose out of an examination of the old Indian remedy, chaulmoogra oil. He found that what would kill the bacillus of leprosy was something in the acids in this oil. By taking out these acids and combining them with another chemical compound Sir Leonard Rogers got a preparation which, when injected into the sufferer from leprosy, killed the bacillus and made the leper himself non-infectious to others.

Helping the Lepers

The news of this discovery will bring great hope to the hundreds of thousands of lepers in the British Empire.

Census figures show that there are 102,513 lepers in India, but it is probable that there are four times that number. The most disturbing feature is that only about 8000 are isolated in leper asylums and are having their disease properly treated.

Public opinion has of late been growing stronger in favour of taking more effective steps to deal with the trouble, and the various Provincial Governments are doing what they can to meet the public outcry. At present the majority of the leper asylums are run by the Mission to Lepers, who get building and maintenance grants from the Governments.

A Danger to the Community

About 400,000 lepers are wandering about the cities and villages of India, and they are not only a sad sight to see but a grave danger to the general community, though the most recent researches by men like Sir Leonard Rogers have shown that leprosy is not so contagious or so to be dreaded as is generally supposed. The stage at which it is most easily communicable is the early stage, and most of the lepers who are to be seen daily in the streets of Calcutta and other cities are comparatively harmless to others, though their own existence is a dreadful one.

Wonderful results have been achieved by the treatment at present carried on in the asylums, and at the dispensaries where out-patients are treated. In olden times the cure of a leper was a great miracle, and was proclaimed far and wide; but today, though the medical men concerned are careful not to say they are effecting cures, many lepers are being discharged as being apparently free from the disease.

The Healing Oils

From time immemorial the lepers of India have been anointing themselves with chaulmoogra and other oils because they found them so soothing, but it is modern research which has led to the preparation of really curative products from these oils. The difficulty about being sure that absolute cures have been effected is that the incubation period is about seven years.

It seems too good to be true that the disease which from the earliest times has been regarded as absolutely incurable, should be among those of which the human race may be rid, but all the signs are certainly pointing that way.

A QUAINT SIGHT DISAPPEARING

THE GOATS OF THE CITY

Herds that Walked from the Pyrenees to Paris

WHY THEY ARE PASSING

By Our Paris Correspondent.

Before the war all Parisians knew the rambling goats that shepherds take about French cities to provide babies and the sick with fresh milk.

Now this old trade, once one of the picturesque sights of Paris, is slowly vanishing, and people begin to wonder at the daring of the bold peasant who first sought Paris with his herd from far-off pasturages. The trade has indeed been carried on for centuries.

Down to twenty years ago the herds walked the whole distance from the Pyrenees to Paris. They fed along the roads, and their milk sold easily on the way. The journey would last 30 days.

Fewer Goats in Paris

But, as time became more valuable, goatherds began to hire a wagon for the journey, even though the expense might be 700 or 800 francs. They reached Paris in April, put up at the fortifications or at some suburb close by, and remained there till winter.

No fewer then fifty herds, each of, perhaps, forty or fifty goats, had their summer quarters in Paris before the war. The number has now declined to five. How is it?

First, the country boys do not seem to care any longer for their father's job. They are eager to find work in factories or city businesses, thinking they will make more money and be happier in the towns. Also the feverish activity of modern traffic makes it perilous for so many goats to haunt the Paris streets.

Grazing Lands Needed

Again, mountain goats require daily outdoor grazing, and how can they get it now that Paris is spreading so much? Grazing must be a long way off, and entail an exhausting journey. So this method of taking milk to people's doors is failing, as it failed with cows and asses in former times. Yet many will regret the disappearance of that charming touch of the country as the goats jostled one another in the streets.

His traditional cap on his head, a cheese from home over his shoulder, the goatherd passed on, playing his pipe. Mothers, children, nurses, knew his tunes. They rushed to him with glass and jug ready for the milk to be freshly drawn for them. Each animal was expected to give from three to four quarts. While one was being milked the others capered about, never going very far, for there were dogs that kept a sharp look-out.

Everybody loved the goats. People threw bread and greens to them from the windows. Maids never failed to store up bits of food for them, and children ran out when they came along.

A Splendid Food

The goat milk was sold for two francs a quart, a high price for the poor. Nevertheless, those who had tested its good qualities would deny themselves anything else for it. It is, in fact, a life-giving food par excellence, with none of its restorative qualities destroyed. Goats, like horses, are among the rare animals that do not harbour tuberculosis, so that their milk may be taken safely in its natural state.

All the summer long the goatherds carry on their trade, working fourteen hours a day, knowing no Sunday, and making no excuse of bad weather. Whatever occurred, the rounds must always be made, for there are no means of milking at home. In spite of the high cost of travelling, of lodging, and of food, with the inevitable loss of a few goats, it could be estimated that each animal brought in five francs a day.

BIGGEST PORT IN THE WORLD

THE GROWTH OF ANTWERP

Trade Multiplied Four Times in Five Years

CITY'S RISE AND FALL

According to the tonnage of shipping entering it, Antwerp is now the biggest port in the world, and its trade has been multiplied by more than four during the last five years. These are the figures showing the number of ships that entered and the total tonnage since 1919:

1919 . .	3742 ships . .	4,263,823 tons
1920 . .	7219 ships . .	10,419,051 tons
1921 . .	7821 ships . .	12,515,023 tons
1922 . .	8323 ships . .	15,050,182 tons
1923 . .	9351 ships . .	17,349,098 tons

In 1913 there were 7134 ships with a tonnage of 14,139,615, so that Antwerp, which suffered so severely in the war, has far more than recovered her ancient glory. In 1891 the tonnage entering the port was 4,665,337; in 1871 it was only 1,763,207.

The tonnage entering London, according to the latest figures, is 13,132,220 a year; New York, 8,884,527; Hong Kong, 13,948,083; Hamburg, 9,421,000; and Liverpool, 7,159,000. Antwerp is thus easily first in the world.

A City's Ups and Downs

Her commercial prosperity began in the twelfth century, but for three centuries Bruges was a greater port, having at that time free access to the sea, and being available for the largest ships of the period. Then, in 1490, the foreign guilds transferred their headquarters to Antwerp, which became what she is now once again—the most important shipping city in Europe.

The Venetian envoy of that period declared that Antwerp was then doing as much business in one month as Venice was doing in two years. Yet, owing to the folly of Spain (to whom Antwerp belonged), the city lost her prestige, for the revolted provinces of Holland closed the Scheldt to Antwerp so as to drive her trade to their own ports, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Antwerp sank into complete insignificance, and it was said that a third of her inhabitants were living on charity. It was a mighty fall for a proud city.

In the eighteenth century, however, when the French freed the river, Antwerp revived, and she has continued to grow in wealth and importance.

Ports that are Developing

Certainly she is by geographical position well situated to be the great port of entry to the Continent from the Atlantic.

Many other great ports are developing and extending their accommodation. London is constructing a basin 115 acres in extent at Tilbury, with an 800-feet dry dock, at a cost of over £5,000,000. Southampton is to provide berthing for an additional twenty vessels at a cost of £10,000,000. Liverpool is extending the Gladstone dock at a cost of £3,500,000. The Clyde authorities are planning to construct the biggest shipping basin in Britain at a cost of £2,000,000. Bristol is spending £1,000,000 in extending the Royal Edward Dock at Avonmouth. Havre has built a new quay for 24,000-ton ships; Boulogne, Cherbourg, Rotterdam, and Hamburg all have large development schemes in hand.

What we want is a reign of peace in all lands so that these commercial facilities can be taken full advantage of.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What does Domine Dirige Nos mean?
This is the Latin motto of the City of London, and means "O Lord, Guide us."

Why Do not Gas Mantles Burn Away?
Because they have already burned away, and all that is left is ash, which will not combine with oxygen and go off as a gas.

Why Does the Sun Warm my Hand and the Glass Window Remain Cold?
Because the glass through which the sun shines allows the heat rays to pass through it without absorbing much of the heat.

What is the Height of the Pyramids?
The Great Pyramid of Cheops, or Khufu, was 484 feet high; the second Gizeh pyramid 454 feet, and the third 219 feet. Time and man have damaged the tops and reduced their height a little.

What is the Difference Between Mass and Weight?
Mass is the quantity of matter a body contains, and this is usually measured by weight, that is, by the force with which the body is pulled towards the Earth's centre by gravitation. Mass is invariable.

What is Fog?
Fog consists of clouds near the ground. When the atmosphere is laden with moisture and the temperature drops, if there are many dust particles the moisture condenses round these and is visible as cloud, or fog.

Why is Daddy the Children's Word for Father?
In many languages the word for father is something like dad. In Breton, for instance, it is tad, in Irish daid, in Welsh tad, in Sanskrit tata, and so on. Daddy is the child's way of pronouncing these words.

What is the Quai d'Orsay?
It is a thoroughfare in Paris running for about two miles on the north side of the Seine, and in it are many Government offices, including the Foreign Office. It is often used as a synonym for the French Government, as Whitehall or Downing Street is used for Government circles in England.

When Did the Purifying of Thames Water Begin?
The Act prohibiting pollution of the Thames by sewage and other means was passed in August, 1866. The filtration of the water supplied to houses was gradually adopted from 1829, and was made compulsory in 1856.

Who was Richard Martin?
He was an Irish landlord and politician, who was a great lover of animals, and carried into law in the House of Commons, where he was a member, the first Act for protecting the rights of animals. He was known as Humanity Martin and was one of the founders of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Where is the Church of St. Michael's Paternoster Royal?
This London church, generally called St. Michael's, College Hill, is in College Hill, a turning out of Upper Thames Street. In the church burned in the Great Fire, Sir Richard Whittington was buried three times, as described by Stow. The present church was built by Wren.

Which Railway Holds the Speed Record?
In Britain the Great Western Railway holds the speed record for a run of 118½ miles from Paddington to Bristol, in July, 1904, in 1 hour 24 minutes, a speed of 84·6 miles an hour. In America in March, 1902, a train ran from Eckley to Wray, on the Burlington route, 14·8 miles in nine minutes, equal to a speed of 98·7 miles an hour.

What is the Structure of the Elephant's Trunk?
It is a prolongation of the upper lip and nose, and is made up of a vast number of muscles, estimated by Cuvier at about 40,000. It contains a pair of tubes closed by a valvular arrangement, and at its end on the upper side is a small prolongation like a finger, opposite which is a prominence that acts like a thumb.

Why are Cities Built where Earthquakes are Known to Occur?
Serious earthquakes are not of very frequent occurrence, and the great commercial importance of such cities as Tokio, Yokohama, and San Francisco, with their convenient harbours, makes men think it worth while to rebuild and risk another possible earthquake rather than to give up the site with the enormous loss which would result. Of course, if bad earthquakes occurred very often at these places the cities would not be rebuilt.

A TINY WORLD

LITTLE PLANET ONLY 28 MILES ACROSS

Our Nearest Neighbour Except the Moon

WHERE WE COULD JUMP OFF INTO SPACE

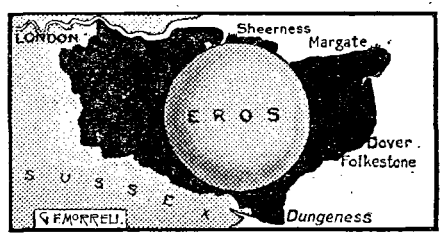
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Our Earth has for some months been approaching a very little world, one that might be walked round in two or three days, for it is only 85 miles round.

This is Eros, the tiny planet whose existence was unknown till 1898, when the astronomer Witt, of Berlin, discovered it by means of photography.

At intervals of nearly two years our world and this Lilliputian one approach one another, coming nearer each time, and now it is nearer to us than it has been for about twenty years; in fact, it is at present the nearest body in the heavens to our world, except the Moon.

Next Wednesday Eros will be actually at its closest, and about 33½ million



Eros placed in Kent for comparison

miles away; it is situated due south, and just above the horizon between 1 and 2 o'clock a.m.

There is no possibility of seeing it on this occasion, for Eros is too faint and is travelling southwards very rapidly. Even now it is beyond the reach of telescopes here. But occasionally it comes much closer, so as to be possibly visible to the eye on very dark, clear nights.

Such an occasion is anticipated in 1931, when Eros will not be more than 13½ million miles away.

This "wandering star" is very erratic in its movements, being but 105,290,000 miles from the Sun, when at its nearest to him—at *perihelion*. It is then at its nearest to the Earth also; but when at the opposite side of its orbit, at *aphelion*, or farthest from the Sun, Eros is 165,670,000 miles away from him, and far beyond the orbit of Mars.

This little world, about 28 miles in diameter, could be placed in most of our English counties, where it would appear as a ball about five times the height of Everest. Our picture shows it in Kent.

A Mass of Jagged Rock

There are reasons, however, for regarding Eros rather as an enormous mass of jagged rock than as a comparatively smooth globe, because regular changes occur in its brightness every 5 hours and 16 minutes. This indicates that Eros rotates, that this is its day, and that periodically a larger sunlit surface than usual is turned toward us.

Another explanation of this variation in brightness would be that some parts of Eros are of whiter material—say, for example, quartz—than others. But seven years hence all the great telescopes of the world will be turned on to this tiny planet, for it will be better seen then than ever before, and it is hoped that much will then be learned, not only about Eros, but a still more accurate calculation gained of the dimensions of our solar system and the Sun's distance.

As Eros takes 1¾ years to go round on its orbit it will return three times before then, each time coming nearer.

A wealthy man might easily own such a little world, but were he on it so feeble would be the gravitational pull on so small a world that a good jump would probably take him off into space, never to return!

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mars and Jupiter are in the south-east before sunrise. Saturn rises about 10 p.m. Venus is in the west.

EAGLE FEATHER

A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by John Halden

CHAPTER 1
The Caravan

TOWARDS sundown, one afternoon in the latter part of the eighteenth century, there moved across a grassy American plain what looked from a little distance like a flock of fat ducks waddling across a meadow. It was in reality a number of canvas-topped wagons swaying awkwardly on the uneven ground as they advanced, drawn slowly by oxen.

On the outskirts of the caravan rode men on horseback. They carried long Kentucky rifles, and were dressed in materials provided by the forest. Their fringed trousers and tunics and moccasins were all made of soft deerskin. Their caps were of raccoon fur, with the tails left on for ornament, and their long hair reached to their shoulders.

They were all big men and strong, these backwoodsmen of America, and their rifles, each weighing eleven pounds, rested easily in the crook of their arms, ready alike for hostile Indians or chance game.

They were for the most part Englishmen, for this was in the period just preceding the American War of Independence. Daniel Boone, the greatest pioneer of all, had told them of a wonderful land that no white man had ever visited before him.

It was the country now called Kentucky; and, in response to Daniel Boone's call, the pioneers with their families and household goods were on their way to Boonesborough, the little fortress town that Boone and his scouts had prepared for them.

The way there led through an unknown wilderness, infested by wandering tribes of Indians, Cherokees, Algonquins, and, most of all, the Shawnee Indians, under the leadership of the great chief Cornstalk.

In the foremost wagon sat Mrs. Joshua Halifax, the reins held loosely across her knees, for Daniel, her twelve-year-old son, was at the oxen's head, guiding them with an occasional slap on their smooth necks. In the distance, galloping up the slope of a low hill, she could see her husband, leader of the expedition, and her eldest son, seventeen-year-old David. They were looking for a camping site where the caravan might rest for the night.

"Don't let the oxen stop to graze, Danny," she said. "Your father warned us we were not to lose any time. Looks like a storm coming up."

"Yes'm," answered Daniel, tugging the bridle of the nearest ox.

Mrs. Halifax gave herself up to day-dreams of the country they were approaching, remembering what her husband had told her of the Treaty of Sycamore Shoals, when this land had been bought from the Cherokee Indians.

"It is a dark and fatal ground," old Oconotosta, the chief, had said. "Many a Cherokee, many a Shawnee, many an Algonquin brave has fallen there. It is haunted by the ghosts of many warriors. It is a dark land."

But Mr. Daniel Boone, who had been there, had told her that, on the contrary, it was an incredibly beautiful country, full of all kinds of game and thick with wild fruits and nuts.

"If only the Indians don't attack us," said Mrs. Halifax to herself, with an involuntary shudder.

She was no coward, but she did not like to think of the possibilities if that caravan, in which were so many women and children, were to fall into the hands of hostile tribes.

"The Indian is brave and honourable," she thought, "but only to his friends. When he is offended he will take a terrible and cruel vengeance."

She herself had lived most of her life in the backwoods. She had seen the mangled victims of the Indians' rage.

But she could not know, sitting there behind the slow-moving oxen, that one day a friendship between her own son David and a young Indian lad was to be the means of saving a town and all its white inhabitants from fire and the scalping knife.

In the distance she could see the figures of David and her husband silhouetted against the sky. They had stopped their horses, and Mr. Halifax was pointing decisively to something on the other side of the hill. As she watched he went on, and David turned his horse to return to the caravan.

"I reckon Joshua's found a place to camp for the night," she said to herself.

She was glad, for the day had been hot, and the cattle, driven on the outskirts of the party by bare-legged children, were drooping with the fatigue of the long march since breakfast.

This sounds like a long process, but the backwoodsmen of that day were skilled in their craft, and it took David far less time to load his gun than the words take to tell it. It was necessary that this should be so, for slowness in this art might cost a backwoodsman his life.

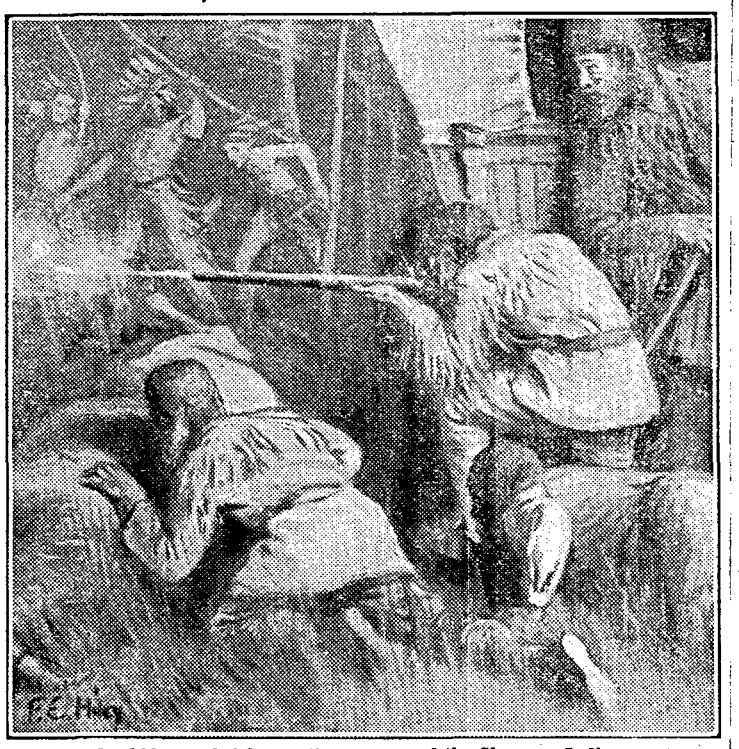
At the shot a fat turkey fluttered down from a tree.

"There'll be a first-rate fricassee for supper," thought David as he wiped his gun and walked over to the fowl, shot through the head.

His horse followed him quietly, as it had been trained to do. David mounted and trotted on till he reached his father's wagon.

"Supper for you, Mother," he said laconically, as he hung the fowl from the hook on the side of the wagon. "We've found a dandy camping place on the other side of that hill. There's a good spring and plenty of firewood, and I say"—David bent down from his horse nearer his mother and spoke more cautiously—"the wilderness begins just beyond that rise!"

"Does it?" His mother said little, but her face became anxious, for the wilderness that lay between them and the Kentucky valley was a wild stretch of forest, practically impassable except for the narrow trail cut through a few months before by Daniel Boone and his men. It was certain that it was full of Indians. Would they be hostile in spite of their chief's promise of safety to the settlers?



The hideous shriek was the war-cry of the Shawnee Indians

David divined his mother's thoughts, and there was suppressed excitement in his lean brown face. He might fear for the safety of the women and children of the party, but for himself he welcomed the thought of dangers lurking in the wilderness.

"I'm going up along to the camp site," said David. "I want to cut some firewood and tent stakes before you get there. Where's Nancy? I'd like her to come along to help."

"She's visiting in the Simpsons' wagon," returned his mother. And, leaning out over the side of the wagon, she called: "Nancy, your brother wants you to go with him to gather firewood for the camp."

"Yes'm!" came a rather jolly voice from one of the wagons in the rear, and a rosy face, with two brown pig-tails on each side, was pushed through the flap.

Nancy jumped over the moving wheel and landed safely on the ground as her brother approached on his horse.

"Jump up," he said, reaching her his hand and stiffening his foot in its deerskin moccasin to make a step for her. Nancy scarcely touched either, but in one bound was behind him on the horse.

"Davie! Take me with you, too," pleaded Daniel, from his post at the oxen's head.

"No, Dan," returned his brother. "You'd better stay here with Mother. She can't have all the men of the family away at once."

Despite the flattering allusion to the men of the family, Danny drooped a little as he struck the loitering oxen a resigned slap on the neck. He knew better than to argue with his brother.

Mrs. Halifax came to his rescue.

"I reckon Danny's tired of his job. It's been a hot day," she said; and turned to her youngest child, Annabel, aged seven, who sat beside her, quietly holding the reins and making a pretence of driving. "Maybe you'd like to walk out beside the oxen a while, Annie."

Annabel nodded eagerly.

"All right, then." David leaned down from his horse and lifted the little girl from the seat. He held her for a moment, laughing, at arms' length over his horse's head, then placed her gently on the ground. "You wait a minute till I get a switch for you," David said; and trotted over to a hickory-bush from which he cut a long supple branch.

"Don't get too close to the oxen," he said, giving it to Annie; "and, if they start grazing, you just tickle them with this."

The child nodded importantly, trotting beside the slow-stepping oxen. Then with one hand David lifted his younger brother up in front of him and the three started for the camping-ground.

The site chosen for the camp was a grassy hollow sheltered on three sides by low-lying hills, and on the fourth by the edge of the forest. A little stream ran through it, fed by a deep spring. Huckleberries, blackberries, hazelnuts, walnuts, beechnuts, butternuts, all were to be seen in profusion.

"I think," said Nancy, looking round with satisfaction, "that we ought to stop here a day or two and gather enough of these to last us this winter."

Her brother shook his head.

"Can't spare the time, Nan. No telling how long it will take us to get through the Wilderness Road, and winter's only a couple of months off."

"Could we children pick tonight?" asked Danny.

"That you can." David swung the boy off the horse, for they had arrived in the midst of the hollow. "Just as soon as you two have helped gather a heap of firewood, you can pick a hundred bushels if you can find them."

David had heard a gobbling sound in the woods, and he knew that a flock of turkeys was not far off. He was impatient to be after them. So the three worked with a will, chopping up dead branches and underbrush. When the rest of the party arrived there was a huge fire crackling in the hollow.

CHAPTER 2
The Halifax Family

DAVID, galloping back, practised feats of horsemanship as he came.

He swung off sideways from the horse, holding on by his knees, or even his toes, and picked up stones or flowers from the ground. Sometimes he jumped off the galloping horse and on again in full career, or stood up, balancing himself like a circus rider. He was not showing off; this was part of his training as a backwoodsman, and the training of his horse. Very often a man's life depended upon his horsemanship in those days.

Then suddenly, at a word from David, the horse stopped in his tracks, dead still, not a muscle moving. The boy dismounted and opened his flintlock rifle, which was so long that, upright on the ground, it reached his chin. He took a bullet from his shot-pouch that hung from a leather thong across his shoulder. He poured out some powder, carefully measured from his powder-horn—the yellow horn of a buffalo, scraped inside till it was quite translucent.

As he meant to shoot only a short distance, he put only about a thimbleful of powder into the gun. For a long-distance shot he would have put in double. Then he put in the big round bullet—the balls of those old flint-lock rifles weighed only fifty-five to a pound—and took aim.

The light of the fire, a fine string of trout hung over his arm.

"Looky here! I found a pool that was simply swarming with them," he cried; then stopped short at the sight of the disapproving faces about him.

"Didn't you hear me call, Dan?" His brother's voice was stern.

"Yes I did," said the boy. "But one was just going to bite, and if I answered he'd have got away. He was a whopper, too. Look!" Daniel showed the largest of his string. "I wanted him specially for Mother," he added, looking rather woe-begone as he saw no lifting of the general disapproval about him.

"Instead, you gave your mother a big fright. You want to think of everything, Danny."

David's voice was kinder as he took the fish from his brother, and with a few skilful twists of his hunting-knife cleaned them.

"They certainly are fine specimens," he remarked. "If you'll get up early to-morrow morning, you and I can catch some more for breakfast."

By now the cornbread had baked in the ashes, and great golden slabs of it were passed from hand to hand. Hominy, drenched in milk, was piled on the wooden plates, and the steaming yellow sweet potatoes were split open, buttered, and seasoned. Some of the women had been roasting chunks of venison steak over the fire on the ends of long pointed sticks. David's turkeys were being boiled for the next day's lunch en route.

But everyone exclaimed with special pleasure as Danny's fish were lifted sizzling from the fire. They were an excellent change from the usual roast meat.

It was a big meal, but their appetites were hearty. By the time it was over night had fallen, and the children's heads were nodding in the warmth of the fire. So they and the women went off to bed, leaving the men to talk over the next day's plans.

The fire was dying down, but the embers still threw a golden glow on the white canvas tops of the encircling wagons and deepened the shadows between. The men lay, propped up on their elbows, each with his gun beside him. The sweet blue air of night was faintly lighted by the stars, that showed the forest as a great wall of murmurous darkness behind the camp.

David had gone out to fetch in a cow that had been limping on the march that day, and now by the light of a horn lantern was examining the injured leg. His trained woodsman's ears listened almost involuntarily to the faint noises that came to him from the forest—the cautious pad of a lynx, the distant hoot of an owl, or the sleepy twitter of a nesting bird.

Suddenly without any warning there was a swishing sound beside his head, and, with a groan, the cow dropped at his feet and lay still.

David started, then dropped flat on his face, for he had seen, quivering upright in the animal's neck, a painted tomahawk!

"Indians!" he whispered in a penetrating hiss that went to every man round the fire.

Every one of them dropped instantly to the ground, for the tomahawk meant that arrows would follow. Until the first round was spent it was death to rise.

In a moment there was a hail of arrows from all sides. They struck the fire and sent the red embers spattering in every direction. They struck the wooden frames of the wagons, and one or two struck the poor dead cow that now served David as a sort of breastwork.

Then a hideous shriek tore through the quiet blue night like a flash of fire. It was the war cry of the Shawnee Indians, and as the men leaped to their feet, guns in hand, they caught the gleam of the painted bodies of the warriors as they dived back into the shadows of the forest.

TO BE CONTINUED

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O'er Land and Sea the Winds Like Anthems Roll



Dr MERRYMAN

AN angry passenger stranded at a country railway station was expressing himself forcibly to the man who filled the posts of station-master, porter, ticket-clerk, signalman, and so on.

"What is the good of these time-tables?" demanded the passenger wrathfully.

"Well, sir," replied the station staff, "if it weren't for those tables we should never know how late the trains are."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

What Am I?

No man could ever yet my shape reveal,
From mortal sight I still myself conceal;
I'm an aerial vehicle of sound,
Still within hearing, never to be found;
Oft in strange languages I silence break,
Without a tongue, in every one I speak;
Yes, and to music, too, I dare pretend,
Composer's art could ne'er my power transcend;
Greatest musicians strive with me in vain,
I emulate the best, outlast the longest strain.
Go, learned wits, now proudly boast your parts;
I, though untaught, can talk in all your arts. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Do You Live at Grimsby?

THIS name means Grim's dwelling. Who Grim was we do not know, but the name was a very common old English one, and as the town has existed from the days of Canute it was probably a settlement that grew up round the home of some chieftain who settled there.

Grimsbury, in Berkshire, and Grimstock, near Coleshill, also take their names from a person called Grim; but Grimscote, near Whitchurch, was originally called Kilmescote, of which it is a corrupted spelling. This means Kenelm's cot.

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WHY is a lame horse like a poor play?

Because it won't run and can't draw.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

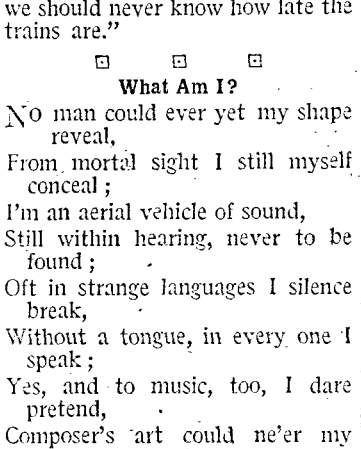
Misunderstood

MRS. BLACK: "Do you like entertaining visitors?"

Mrs. White: "Yes, but I find that very few of them are."

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

The Zoo That Never Was



The Ziggeryawn and the Fee Fi Fum, two of the creatures in the Zoo that Never Was

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHEN is a chair badly treated?

When you have caned it simply because it cannot bear you.

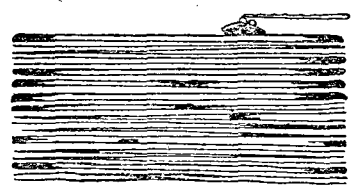
Arithmetical Puzzle

MY first and my last are the same; subtract my first from my last and it will give you my second; multiply my last by ten, and you will have my third; divide my first by my last and it will give you my fourth. If you are my whole you must be very merry.

What am I? *Solution next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Whither Bound?



The destination of this ship can be found by looking along the picture from the right-hand side with the eyes level with the paper.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

WHAT animal is most like an elephant? Another elephant.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

An Awkward Situation

"GOOD gracious!" cried Emma. "Now here's a dilemma!
A water-pipe's burst and made pools on the path.
If the plumber again
Turns it off at the main,
How will Nursie get water to give me my bath?
Yet if it keeps flowing
The pools will keep growing
Till everything's covered as deep as the sea;
And by seven, I'm guessing
(The time I'm undressing),
There will nothing be left of bath, Nursie, or me!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

Not Quite Right

IT is said that a little learning is a dangerous thing, but it can also be amusing. A schoolboy wrote that one of the chief clauses in Magna Carta was that no free man should be put to death without his own consent.

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An Exchange of Compliments

A SOLICITOR, very short in stature, was put in the witness-box during a certain case, and a tall barrister began to cross-examine him.

"What are you?" shouted the barrister.

"I am a solicitor," was the reply.

"A solicitor!" thundered the counsel. "Why, I could put you in my pocket!"

"If you did," said the solicitor, "you would have more law in your pocket than in your head!"

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

A Built-Up Word

WHAT in Scripture is often recorded by name;
For uses mostly sacred you'll first find its fame;
You next from the farmyard a female must take;
Without her few housewives can make a good cake;
To these, when connected, pray add, if you please,
Two-thirds of a gem: 'twill make with great ease
What the curious may see and wish to explain,
Which for ages has stood and 'tis hoped will remain. *Answer next week*

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

IF the fishes married, who would be the wife of John Dory?

Anchovy.

⊡ ⊡ ⊡

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What am I? Happiness

Transposition Rood, door, rod, or, do

The Hotel Keeper's Problem

The fallacy lies in the fact that the man who went into the tenth bed was not really the eleventh man, but the second man, who was lying in the first bed.

Jacko Buys a Watch

BIG Brother Adolphus had a gold watch that was the admiration and the envy of his young brother Jacko.

It was a handsome-looking watch, given to him on his twenty-first birthday by his grandpa. But, unfortunately, handsome as it looked, it was old, and not a very good timekeeper; and Adolphus had more than once been heard to say he would change it willingly for a humble gun-metal one that would "go."

It happened one day, when Adolphus was complaining more loudly than usual, that Jacko was reading an alluring advertisement of a watch that kept perfect time and that could be bought for the astonishingly low price of seven shillings and sixpence.

"Coo!" murmured Jacko. "Wouldn't I like one!"

It would be useful, he thought, in a hundred ways. And he could imagine the superior Adolphus looking with disgust at his own watch, and saying to him, "I say, old man, tell me the right time, will you?"

It was not long before Jacko took an opportunity of looking at the seven-and-sixpenny wonder. It wasn't a bit like Adolphus's, but the man said it kept marvellous time, and surely that was the main thing.

"I'll take one," said Jacko. "At least, I would if I could get hold of the money."

"Good-morning," said the shopman, opening the door.

But Jacko didn't go. "I suppose," he said, after some deep thought, "you wouldn't make an exchange?"

"What sort of exchange?" inquired the man.

"Well," said Jacko slowly, "my brother has got a great turnip



Jacko was gazing at it with great satisfaction

of a thing that won't go. It's gold. Would that be any good?"

"Can't say till I've seen it," said the man.

When Adolphus got home from work that evening he found Jacko gazing with great satisfaction at something in his hand.

"What have you got there?" inquired his brother pleasantly.

"A gold watch," said Jacko proudly. "It's not much to look at, but it's a goer. I've got one for you, too," he added, putting his hand into his pocket. "The man gave me two in exchange for that old turnip of yours. You've often said you'd rather have something less showy that would go."

"What!" shrieked Adolphus. "You've exchanged my gold repeater for these bits of brass?"

Poor Adolphus was nearly frantic. . . .

He got his watch back again in time—but it took the united efforts of the family in a body to persuade the shopman to relinquish his bargain.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Pussy's Mistake

A ten-year-old Deptford boy sends us an account of his cat.

Pussy had been taught to fetch a rabbit's paw and bring it wherever the members of the family might be. When she did this she purred and expected praise.

One day, while Mother was clearing the table after a meal, a knock at the door caused her to leave the room for a few minutes and take a friend who had called into another room. There she heard pussy mewing and purring outside, till at last the door was opened, when in came pussy, laid proudly at the feet of her mistress a small pork chop from the table, and waited for the usual praise! She was allowed to have the chop.

L'erreur de Minette

Un garçon de Deptford, âgé de dix ans, nous envoie quelques notes au sujet de sa chatte.

On avait appris à Minette à aller chercher une patte de lapin et à l'apporter là où se trouvaient les membres de la famille. En accomplissant cette action elle ronronnait et s'attendait à recevoir des éloges.

Un jour, que ma mère desservait la table après un repas, on frappa à la porte, ce qui lui fit quitter la chambre pendant quelques minutes et conduire à une autre pièce l'amie qui lui rendait visite. Là elle entendit Minette qui miaulait et ronronnait au dehors, jusqu'au moment où, la porte s'étant ouverte, la chatte entra, déposa fièrement aux pieds de sa maîtresse une petite côtelette de porc qu'elle avait prise sur la table, et attendit son éloge habituel! On lui permit de garder la côtelette.

Tales Before Bedtime

No Sugar

THE children were certainly behaving strangely.

"No sugar, Mother, please," said Alec.

"And none for me either," joined in Enid; and Pearl, the youngest, added: "And none for me, Mummie."

"No sugar?" Mother asked in great surprise, and all answered "No, thank you," very promptly.

"Well, I don't know what's the matter with you," she said. "Are you poorly?"

"No; we're quite well," the children answered, "but we don't want any sugar."

And no sugar would they have either that day, or the next, or the next; but what surprised and puzzled Mother most was that they also refused to have golden syrup, and, though this she did not notice, they only ate about half their usual amount of butter.

"I suppose it is only a fad," Mother said to herself, and waited patiently.

When she got up on the following Sunday she remembered that it was her birthday. She felt sure that the children had forgotten, for they had said nothing whatever about it. But as soon as she came in to breakfast they wished her many happy returns. They had not forgotten! Then Alec said:

"May I have sugar today, Mother?"

And Enid and Pearl joined in. "And can I, too?" "And I, too?"

Mother put an extra lot in their tea, and, just as she was beginning to ask why they had all changed their minds, the maid came in and handed her a parcel.

The children watched eagerly as she opened it.

Inside was a lovely box of



"No sugar, thank you, Mother"

home-made toffee, and on a label was written:

"No sugar, no syrup, no butter, thank you. From Alec, Enid, and Pearl."

Mother read it, and looked up, laughing.

"Ah! *Now* I see," she said slowly; and the children, all talking at once, said:

"It was fair, wasn't it? You see, you'd said we were never to take things. So it's really our own stuff we have been using."

"Yes, perfectly," Mother answered, ever so pleased.

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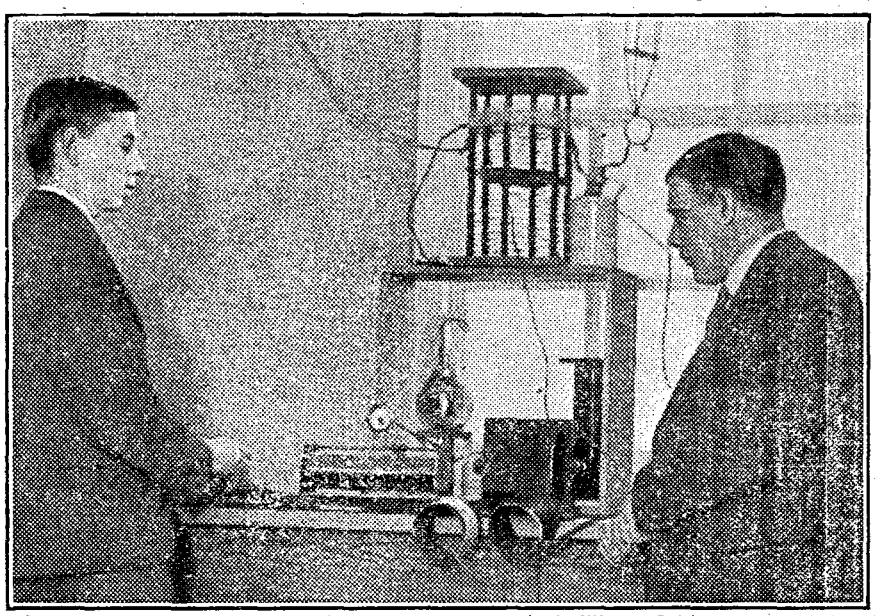
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

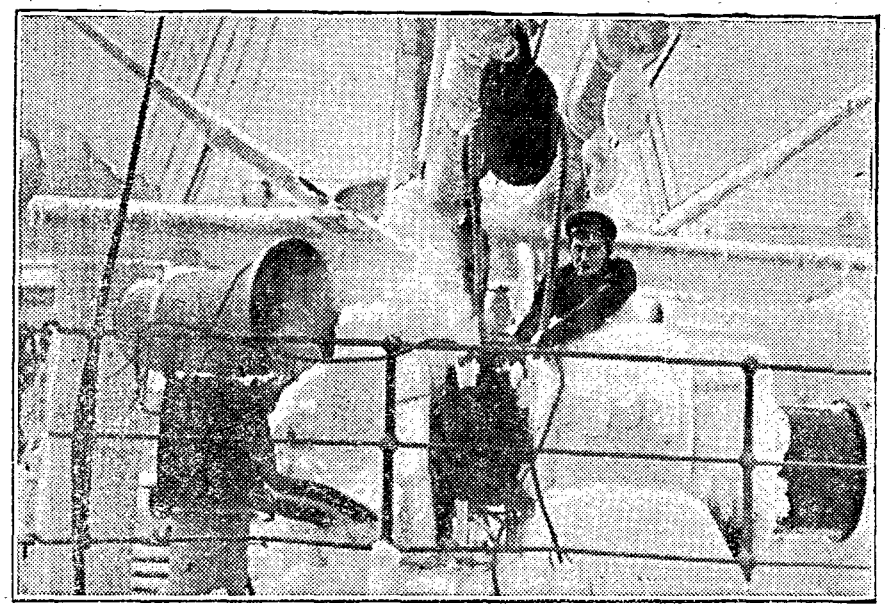
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SCHOOLBOY TALKS TO AMERICA · POCKET PERAMBULATOR · VICEROY'S TIGER



Schoolboy Talks to America—C. W. Goyder, an 18-year-old Mill Hill School boy, carried on conversations by Morse signals with various American and Canadian wireless stations, using the school apparatus which he himself had put together. Here he is seen discussing the possibilities of the apparatus with Mr. Brown, the science master. See page 7



Rough Weather in the Atlantic—Nowhere has the severe weather that has been experienced recently in the Northern hemisphere been more terrible than in the Atlantic; and this photograph shows how ships arrived in New York Harbour. The ice could only be removed with the greatest difficulty by melting it with jets of steam or chipping it off with hatchets



Transport in Mexico—The railways of Mexico have been greatly dislocated by the revolution there, and primitive transport of this kind has become more and more common



The Zoo's New Monkey—The new baby woolly monkey that has recently arrived at the London Zoo was a little nervous at first, but is fast becoming used to its new home in smoky London. Woolly monkeys, which come from the South American forests, have very soft fur on their bodies and are exceedingly interesting and attractive little creatures



The New Walking-Stick Pram—The new fold-up portable baby carriage, which can be attached to a walking-stick and used as shown here. It is likely to become very popular



The Gentle Tiger—The finishing touches being put to a large stuffed tiger which was shot by Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India, and presented by him to the town of Reading, for which constituency he sat in the House of Commons before being raised to the peerage



Repairing the Earthquake Damage—Mr. Dallas, the official china-restorer to the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington, with some of his pupils, repairing costly Oriental china broken in the recent terrible Japanese earthquake and sent to him for restoration

FRANZ SCHUBERT'S WAY TO IMMORTALITY—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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